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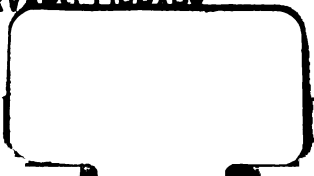
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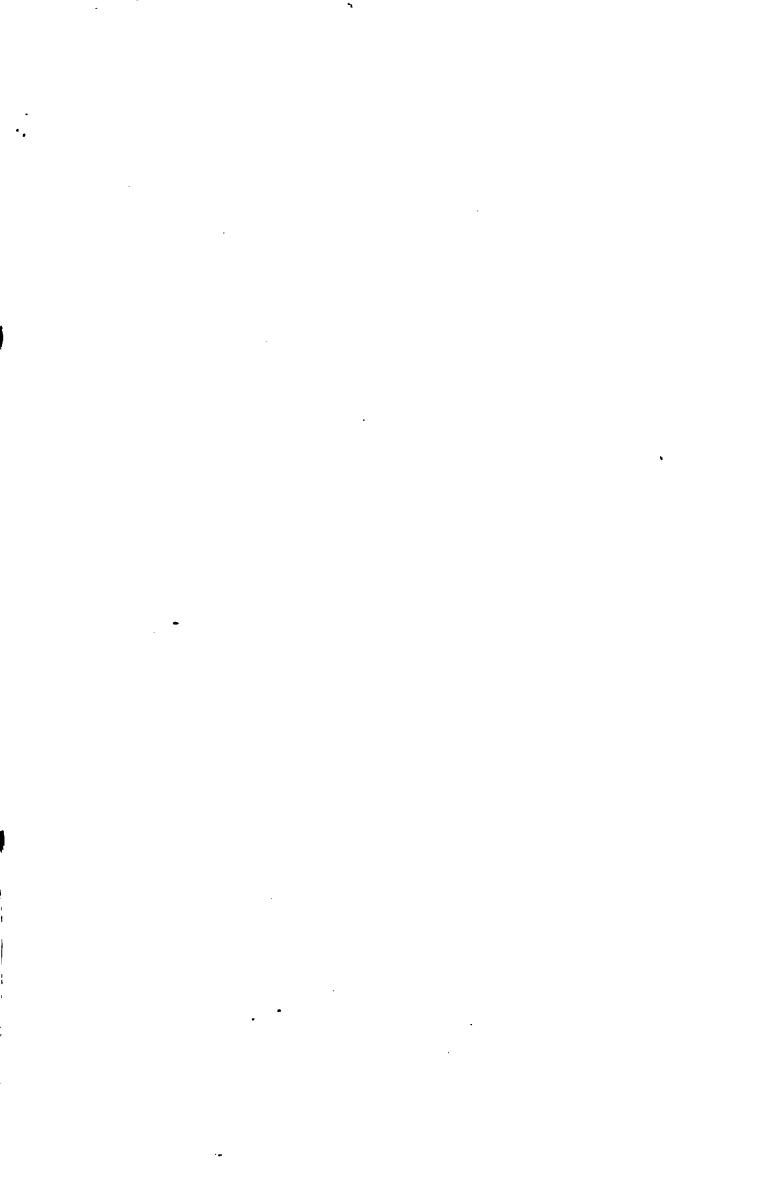
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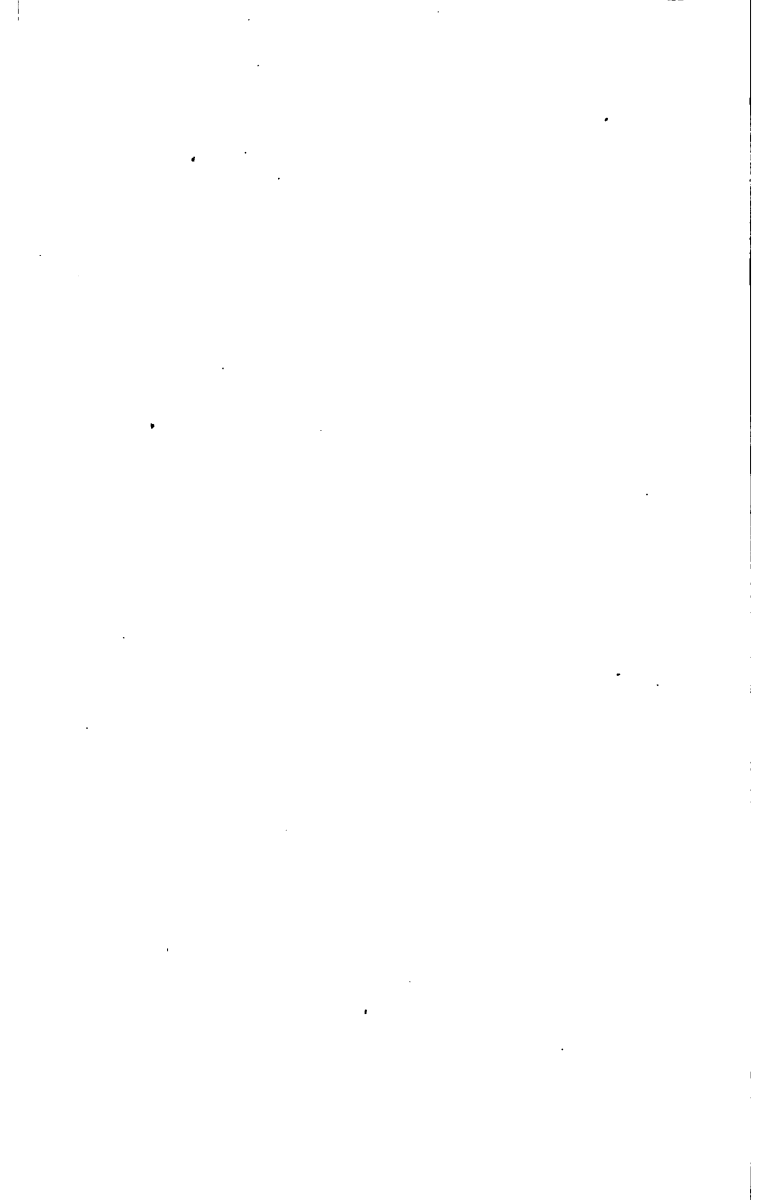
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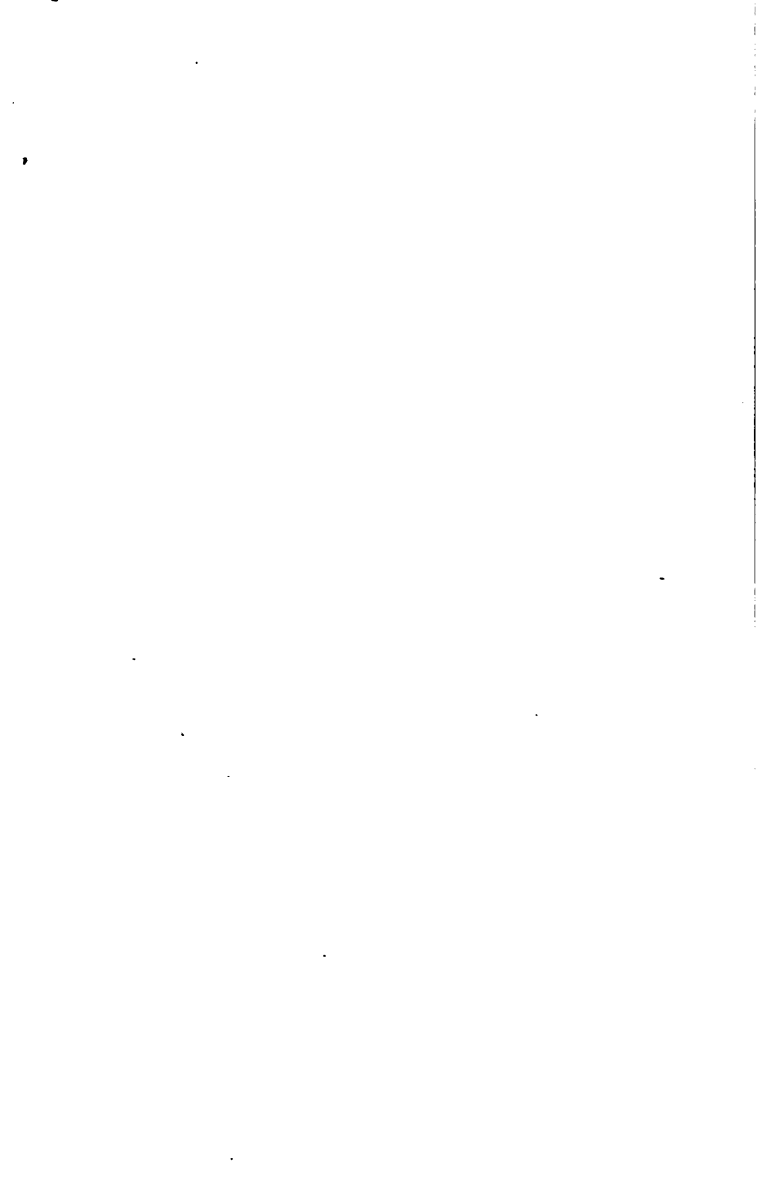
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6 Bible. Job. Eng. (1866.)

THE

# BOOK OF JOB.

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"Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in the land, they should deliver their own souls only by their righteousness, saith the Lord God." — EZEK. xiv. 14.

"Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end brought about by the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." — JAMES v. 11.

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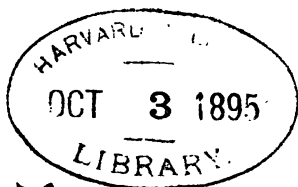
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*J. M. Holland*

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## P R E F A C E.

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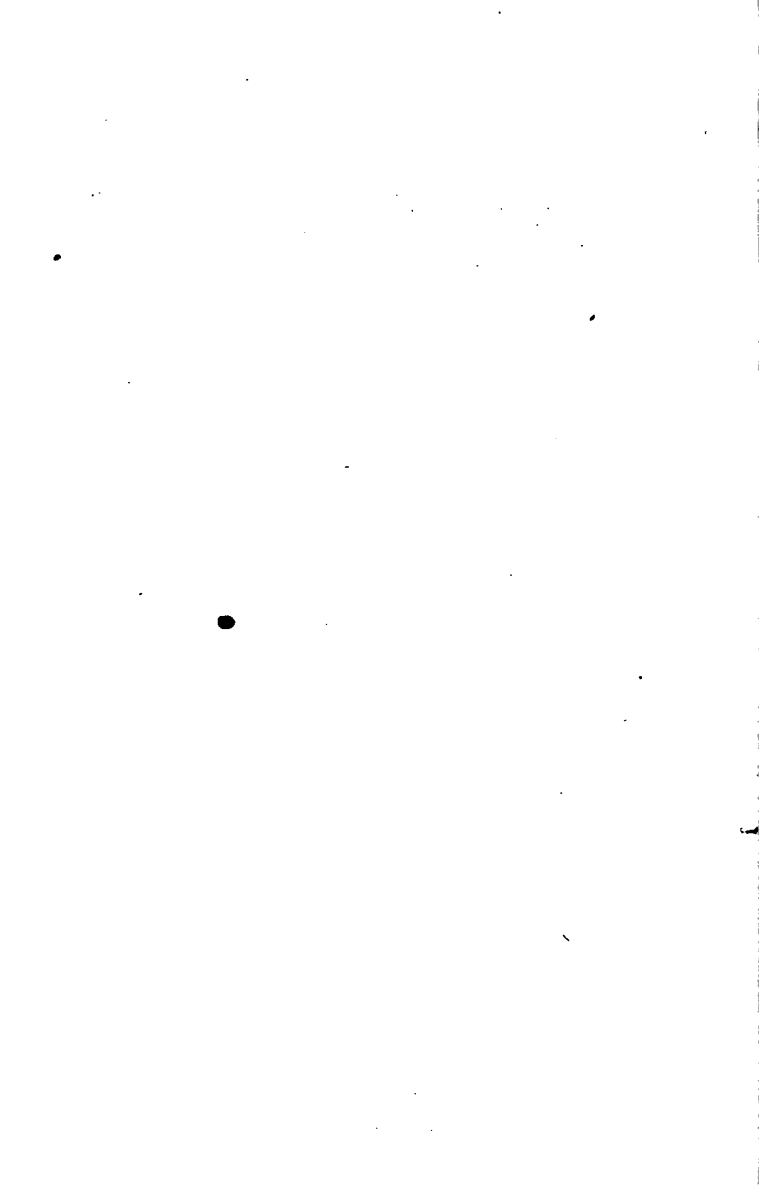
THERE are one hundred and twenty different translations of the Book of Job, and it is supposed that there is no pressing call for any addition to the number. The version now submitted to the judgment of the reader is not a translation, but an interpretation. In preparing it, the editor has had constantly before him several of the most approved translations; and he has carefully selected from them such renderings of the different passages as seemed to him best adapted to bring out, in English, the general meaning of the poem; preference being given, whenever possible, to the words of King James's version. It is only in cases of doubt respect-

ing the signification of particular words that recourse has been had to the Hebrew. It is confessed, however, that, in several very important passages, the renderings are new. In many instances, one or more parallelisms have been supplied, in order to bring the meaning into relief; and, in these places, the version is a paraphrase. In other instances (and they are very few in number, and of no importance whatever in their bearings on the poetry or doctrine of the book), omissions occur, because the editor found it impossible to clothe some of the illustrations of the author in presentable English. It would perhaps have been better if these omissions had been made to occur more frequently.

It has been acknowledged that this version is an interpretation; but it is supposed that there is no existing version of the Book of Job (the received Hebrew text not excepted) that is not an interpretation. The original text of the poem is thought to be no longer

extant. If the reader find in this version an evident effort to allow Job and his comforters to express their own views in their own way, it is confidently submitted that he will find in King James's version an equally evident effort to make Job stultify himself, and talk orthodoxy.

W. B. G.



# **THE BOOK OF JOB.**



# אֵלֶּיךָ

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**T**HERE was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job ; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil.

And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household ; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East.

And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day, and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all ; for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.



Now, there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou ?

Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil ?

Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought ? Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side ? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power : only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating, and drinking wine, in their eldest brother's house : and there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them ; and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away ; yea, they have slain the

servants with the edge of the sword ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep and the servants, and consumed them ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating, and drinking wine, in their eldest brother's house : and, behold ! there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.\* The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord.

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

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\* That is, to the earth, which is the mother of all men.

**2** AGAIN there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Satan, From whence comest thou ?

And Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil ? And still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him to destroy him without cause.

And Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin ; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand ; but save his life.

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal, and he sat down among the ashes.

Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity ? Curse God, and die.

But he said unto her, Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What ! shall we receive good at the hand of God ? and shall we not receive evil ?

In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

Now, when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, — Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite ; for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him.

And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him ; for they saw that his grief was very great.

**3** AFTER this opened Job his mouth, and cursed the day of his birth : —

*And Job's words broke from him, and he said, —*

Let the day perish wherein I was born,  
And the night which said, There is a man-child conceived.

Let that day be darkness ;  
 Let not God look upon it from above,  
 Neither let the light shine upon it ;  
 Let darkness and the shadow of death claim it and  
     obtain it ;  
 Let a cloud dwell upon it ;  
 Let a terrific eclipse last from the beginning to the end  
     of it.

As for that night, let it become so dark as to go out  
     of being ;  
 Yea, let it perish of its own obscurity :  
 Let it not count in the summing-up of the year ;  
 Let it have no place in the computation of the months.  
 Lo ! let that night be utterly barren,  
 And let the rejoicing of that which beginneth to exist  
     find no place therein.<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Let them curse it that can curse days by means of  
     charms,  
 And who can bring on eclipses by conjuring.  
 Let the stars of the dawning thereof be blotted out ;  
 Let it travail in birth with light, and let it not be de-  
     livered ;  
 Let it never see the eyelids of the morning.<sup>(2)</sup>

Because it shut not up against me the gates of my  
     mother's womb,  
 Nor sealed up beforehand the doors that received me,

Nor cut short my sorrows before they began to be.  
 Why did I not either die in the womb,  
 Or else expire while I was being brought forth?  
 Why, when I was coming forth, were there knees  
     ready to catch me?  
 And why, after that, were there breasts that I might  
     suck?<sup>(8)</sup>

For I should have lain still, and been quiet :  
 Yea, I should now be asleep and at rest  
 With kings and with counsellors of the earth  
 Who built themselves palaces for tombs ;  
 Yea, with princes that laid up gold,  
 And filled their storehouses with silver ;  
 Or else, as a hidden untimely birth,  
 I should be with infants that never saw the light.  
 — There the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And there the weary be at rest.  
 There the prisoners rest together :  
 They hear not the voice of the oppressor.  
 The small and the great are there,  
 And the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to a man whose work is  
     ended,  
 And whose way the Almighty hath hedged up?  
 Why should light be prolonged to them that are in  
     misery,

And life to them that have given over all hope ;  
 Who long for death, but it cometh not,  
 And would dig for it as men dig for treasures ;  
 Who exult triumphantly, and are glad,  
 Yea, rejoice exceedingly, when they find the grave ?

My moaning standeth to me in the stead of food,  
 And my sighs flow forth like waters.  
 I thought not that I was in safety, neither was I high-  
                   minded ;  
 I was not in quiet, neither was I at rest. —  
 It is the thing that I feared that hath overtaken me,  
 And the thing which I greatly dreaded hath befallen  
                   me !<sup>(4)</sup>

**4** *THEN Eliphaz the Temanite answered, and  
 said, —*

If we should venture a word with thee, wilt thou be  
                   offended ?  
 But who can restrain himself from speaking ?  
 Behold, thou hast taught wisdom to many,  
 And thou hast strengthened hands that were weak.  
 Thy words have upheld them that were stumbling,  
 And knees that were faltering hast thou made firm.  
 But now, when the same things come upon thee, thou  
                   art discouraged !

As soon as thou art thyself touched, thou art confounded !

Didst thou not place thy confidence in the fear of God,  
And thy hope in the uprightness of thy ways ?  
Think again ! Did any righteous man ever perish ?  
When was it that the innocent were cut off ?

I have seen them that choose iniquity for their field,  
And plough it, and sow mischief in it,  
And reap from it what they sow.<sup>(6)</sup>  
God breatheth upon them, and they pass away :  
They are consumed in the blast of his displeasure.  
God silenceth the roaring of the swarthy lion,  
And he breaketh the teeth of the fierce lions :  
The old lion perisheth for lack of prey,  
And the lioness's whelps are scattered abroad.<sup>(6)</sup>

A word was secretly brought to me,  
And mine ear took in a little thereof.  
It was a thought that arose in visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falleth upon men.  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
Which made all my bones to shake.  
A spirit passed before my face :  
The hair of my flesh stood up.  
There was a semblance of something before mine eyes :  
It stood still ; but I could not discern the form thereof.  
There was silence ; and I heard a voice that said, —



Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?<sup>(7)</sup>  
 Behold, He trusteth nothing to his immediate servants,  
 And findeth incompetency in his own angels;  
 Much more in them that dwell in houses of clay,  
 Whose foundation is dust,  
 And who, as if moth-eaten, crumble in pieces.  
 From morning to evening are men destroyed:  
 They pass, unperceived, out of sight.  
 The cords of their tents are cut away:<sup>(8)</sup>  
 They die without having attained unto wisdom.

**5** APPEAL from thy lot! Will any one answer thee?  
 To which of the angels wilt thou turn?

The wrongful man is caught in his own devices;  
 And the reckless man, in the results of his own reck-  
 lessness.  
 I have myself seen the wrongful man taking root;  
 But I knew that his house was accursed.  
 His children are ruined;  
 They crush each other in the gate;<sup>(9)</sup>  
 And no man cometh forward to rescue them.  
 By order of the judge, hungry men gather their har-  
 vest,  
 Breaking the hedge to get possession of it:<sup>(10)</sup>  
 Their wealth goeth to assuage the thirst of justice.

Affliction sprouteth not forth from the dust,  
Neither doth calamity spring motiveless out of the  
ground.

It is the lot of man to contend with hardships,  
As it is in the nature of birds to lift themselves in the  
air.

In thy place, I would look to God ;  
I would commit my cause to the Most High ;  
Who doeth great things and unsearchable,  
Marvellous things without number.  
He giveth rain upon the earth,  
And sendeth water upon the face of the fields.  
He setteth up on high those that be low,  
And he comforteth mourners.  
He confoundeth the devices of the crafty,  
So that their hands fail to accomplish the thing that  
they purpose.  
He catcheth the wise in their own craft,  
So that the counsel of the scheming man is carried  
headlong.  
Daylight becometh like thick darkness to them that  
are crafty,  
And they grope at noonday as though it were midnight.  
He enableth the poor to ward off the swords of the  
wicked,  
And the needy to escape from the snares of their  
mouth :

Therefore the poor have hope,  
And the mouth of iniquity is shut up.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth :  
Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

He woundeth, and he bindeth up ;  
He smiteth, and his hands make whole.  
Six times shall he deliver thee out of thy troubles ;  
And, after the seventh time, evil shall afflict thee no more.

In famine, he shall deliver thee from death ;  
And in war, from the power of the sword.  
He shall turn away from thee the scourge of men's tongues,

And thou shalt carry thy point against public sentiment ;

Yea, thou shalt be able to laugh back when the foolish hold thee in derision,

And thou shalt mock at them that combine to destroy thee.

Of the beasts of the field thou needest not be afraid ;  
For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field,

And the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.  
Thou shalt have quiet in thy tent ;  
And, when thou visitest thy pastures, thou shalt miss nothing.

Thou shalt see thy descendants after they have become  
numerous,

When thine offspring shall be like the grass of the  
field.

Thou shalt go down ripe into the grave,  
Like a shock of corn gathered in its full season.

This is the result of our reflections :  
Give heed to it, and profit by it.

**6** *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

Oh that the extent of my transgression might be  
duly estimated,  
And that my sin and my suffering might be compared  
in the balances !

For then would the scales incline in my favor,  
And the excess of my affliction would weigh down all  
the sands of the sea.

It is for this reason that my words are as they are.

The arrows of the Almighty go through me,  
And my self-command is sapped by the poison in which  
they are dipped ;

Yea, the terrors of the Almighty are drawn up in  
order of battle against me.

Is it without cause, and wantonly, that I call aloud?  
 Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass?  
 Or loweth the ox over his fodder?  
 And what bearing have your borrowed phrases on the  
     matter in hand?  
 Can that which is insipid be eaten without salt?  
 Or is there any relish in the white of an egg?  
 My soul revolteth at your consolations:  
 They are more distasteful to me than the food I loathe.

Oh that I might have what I long for,  
 And that God would grant me my request!  
 Oh that he would crush me at once!  
 Oh that he would let loose his hand, and destroy me!  
 I would harden myself in my sorrow;  
 Yea, even then, would I have comfort: let him not spare!  
 For I should find consolation in the blow that would  
     end me!  
 I know that I have been true to the commands of the  
     Holy One.<sup>(11)</sup>

To what purpose is patience when there is nothing  
     to hope for?  
 Have I not reached the end?  
 Is my strength the strength of stones?  
 Is my flesh brass?  
 The resources that I had in myself are exhausted,  
 And help from without hath abandoned me.

If ye refuse pity to your friend when he is afflicted,  
 Do ye not thereby forsake the fear of the Almighty ?  
 My brethren are to me like a deceitful brook,  
 And like a torrent that loseth itself in the sand ;  
 Which is filled with cakes of ice and with snow ;  
 Which floweth forth when the season advanceth,  
 And which drieth up when the strong heat cometh.  
 The caravans go out of their way to find life in its  
     waters ;  
 They are lured by it into the wastes of barren sand :  
 And the men and the camels perish together !  
 The caravans from Tema count on it ;  
 The travelling companies from Sheba put their trust in it :  
 They are ashamed because they trusted,  
 And they are confounded because they find no water.  
 — Ye also prove to be nothing :  
 At the crisis of my trial, I recognize you no longer.

Did I ask you to give me any thing ?  
 Am I an object of charity ?  
 Have I called on you to deliver me out of the hand of  
     mine enemy,  
 Or to ransom me from the hand of tyrants ?  
 Teach me, and I will keep silence ;  
 Cause me to understand wherein I have erred.  
 Will ye catch at words, which are wind ?  
 Are carefully chosen words to be expected from a man  
     that is desperate ?

If ye secretly triumph at the calamity of your friend,  
Will ye not cast lots for them that are left without a  
protector ?

Look me now full in the face,  
And it will be evident to you if I speak falsely.  
If I ask you to go away, will ye be offended ?  
My sincerity appeareth in my request to be left to  
myself.  
Is there any ambiguity in my speech ?  
Think ye that I cannot discriminate between sympathy  
and malice ?

**7** MAN hath an appointed warfare on the earth,  
And his days are like those of an enlisted soldier.  
Like a slave that panteth for the shadow at noonday,  
Or like a hireling who longeth for wages withholden  
from him ;  
So do I exist in my months of wretchedness,  
And in the wearisome nights that are appointed me.  
If I lie down, I say, When shall I arise ?  
When will the night be gone ?  
I am full of tossings to and fro until the dawning of  
the day.  
My skin breedeth blisters and vermin ;  
My flesh is baked into hard crusts, and is full of cracks.  
Remember that my life hath become an expiring breath,

And that mine eyes can never again behold any good  
thing.

The eye of him that seeth me will soon no longer be-  
hold me :

His eye will look for me ; but I shall not be.

For the cloud that dissolveth passeth away,

And he that goeth down into the grave returneth from  
it no more :

He goeth not back into his house ;

For, from that time forward, his place shall never know  
him.<sup>(12)</sup>

But why should I restrain my mouth ?

I will speak in the anguish of my spirit ;

I will give utterance to all the bitterness of my soul.

Am I a sudden freshet, or a whale,

That ye watch me so narrowly ?

When I say, My bed shall comfort me,

My couch shall ease my complaint,

Then ye tell me dreams to frighten me,

And ye scare me with visions,<sup>(13)</sup>

So that my soul longeth for death.

What do ye find in me, that ye should put your-  
selves out for me ?

Why do ye waste such attentions upon me ?

Why do ye call to me in the morning,



And exasperate me at every moment ?

How long will ye sit there with your eyes glaring on me ?

Let me alone till I swallow down my spittle !

Be it that I have sinned : what is that to you,

Spying hounds that ye are on the tracks of men ?

Wherefore do ye take me for your target ?

Have I not enough in the burthen which God hath laid upon me ?

Why will ye not overlook my transgression, — if any there be, —

Seeing that I am about to lie down in the dust,

And that soon ye will seek me, but I shall be no more ?

I am passing away ; I am being put out.

Let me be alone when my candle is extinguished forever !

**8** *THEN answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said, —*

How long wilt thou talk in this strain ?

And when wilt thou put a stop to this tempest of words ?

Thinkest thou to convince us that God perverteth right,

And that the Almighty perverteth justice ?

May it not be that thy children sinned,  
 And that they received the just reward for their trans-  
 gressions ? <sup>(14)</sup>

If, even now, thou wouldest have recourse unto God,  
 And make thy supplication unto the Almighty ;  
 If thou wouldest lead, inwardly and onwardly, an up-  
 right life, —

Surely even now he would arise for thee, <sup>(15)</sup>  
 And prosperity would return to thy habitation ;  
 And, though the beginning thereof might be small,  
 Yet would the end be exceeding great.

Inquire, I pray thee, of the former ages,  
 And note what our fathers have searched out ;  
 For we ourselves are but of yesterday, and know noth-  
 ing,

Our days upon earth being but a shadow.  
 They will speak to thee, and teach thee ;  
 For they have left us the fruit of their experience,  
 saying, —

Doth the paper-reed grow where there is no mire ?  
 Will the marsh-grass grow where there is no water ?  
 While it is yet green, and no man disturbeth it,  
 It withereth before any other herb.  
 Such is the fate of all that forget God !  
 For the hope of the ungodly shall perish :

Their expectation shall not be realized,  
 But shall grow smaller and smaller like a spider's thread.  
 The wicked man shall lean upon the booth he hath  
     built,

And it shall give way :

He shall try to hold it up with both hands ;

But he shall not be able to make it stand.

He is like a plant that is green before the sun,

Whose branches shoot out all over the garden ;

Whose roots are interlaced with the stones,

And strike down to the underlying ledge :

Yet shall he be utterly destroyed out of his place,

And his place shall deny him, forgetting that it ever  
     knew him.

Such shall his end be !

Such is the prosperity that the wicked prepare for  
     themselves !

After them, others shall grow up, like them, out of the  
     same ground.

God never casteth away an upright man,  
 And never doth he take the wicked by the hand to  
     raise him up.

Give thyself, therefore, to his fear,

And he shall fill thy mouth with singing :

Then shall thy lips rejoice ;

And then shall thine enemies behold the event,

And they shall be covered with shame.

## 9 *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

Of a truth, I know that it is so ;  
 But how shall a man clear himself before God ?  
 The Almighty stateth a thousand points in a single  
     blow !  
 He is an able and dangerous opponent :  
 No man hath ever entered the lists against him, and  
     prospered.

God overturneth the mountains ere they are aware :  
 He removeth them in his wrath.  
 The earth quaketh, and leapeth about in its place ;  
 And the columns that hold it up are rocked to and  
     fro.  
 God commandeth the sun, and it is eclipsed ;  
 And he sealeth up the stars.  
 Alone, he bendeth the heavens as a tent,  
 Treading on the crests of the ocean-waves.  
 He it is that maketh the Great Bear, Orion, and the  
     Pleiades,  
 And the hidden constellations of the southern sky.  
 Yet who at any time hath seen God ?  
 Lo ! he standeth before me, and I behold him not ;  
 He passeth by me, and I perceive him not.  
 Shall I, then, presume to answer him ?

Shall I choose out words wherewith to oppose him ?  
 My cause is a just one ; yet will I not argue it ;  
 But I will cast myself on the mercy of my Judge.  
 Yea, if he should respond when I cite him to the  
     trial,  
 Yet would I not believe it to be in answer to my summons.

Lo ! he breaketh me with a tempest,  
 And multiplieth my wounds without provocation,  
 And suffereth me not to catch my breath.  
 I look at it as a question of strength ; and he answereth,  
     Here I am !  
 And as a question of right ; and he saith, Before what  
     tribunal wilt thou summon me ? <sup>(16)</sup>  
 If I justify myself, I am condemned out of mine own  
     mouth ;  
 Since it is by his power that I exist.  
 If I say, I am upright, my plea wresteth itself, and  
     turneth against me ;  
 For, though I were perfect, yet it is not myself that I  
     should know as such :  
 And therefore I despise my own life when I think of  
     God.

It is all one to me ; therefore will I speak out :  
 God destroyeth the righteous with the wicked.  
 Oh, would that the scourge might slay at once !

But God mocketh at the trials of the innocent.  
 The earth is given over into the hands of scoundrels :  
 God covereth the face of the judges thereof :  
 Or, if it be not he, who, then, is it ?<sup>(17)</sup>

My days have been to me like eagles swooping to  
 their prey ;  
 They have brought to me, like swift post-riders, ca-  
 lamity after calamity :  
 And now they depart from me,  
 Leaving with me no good thing.  
 If I say, I will forget my complaint,  
 I will leave off my heaviness, and will comfort myself,  
 Then mine anguish returneth after its appointed in-  
 terval,  
 And I am made to know that God refuseth to absolve  
 me.  
 I am treated as though I were guilty :  
 Why, then, should I weary myself in vain ?  
 Though I wash myself in snow-water,  
 And cleanse my hands with ashes and oil,  
 Yet doth the Almighty continually dip me in the  
 sewer,  
 So that mine own clothes abhor me.  
 God is not a man, as I am, that I should answer back  
 to him ;  
 Neither can I be brought face to face with him before  
 any court of justice :

There is no umpire between us  
 That can lay his hand upon both of us.  
 But if God will withdraw his scourge from me,  
 And cease to frighten me by the array of his terrors,  
 I will speak to him, and not be afraid of him ;  
 For my conscience acquitteth me of all cause to fear.

**10** MY soul is weary of my life :  
 I will give free course to my complaint.  
 I will say unto God, Hold me not as guilty,  
 And show me wherefore thou persecutest me.  
 Canst thou find pleasure in wanton cruelty ?  
 Doth it befit thee to oppress the innocent ?  
 Wilt thou despise thine own handiwork ?  
 Wilt thou give countenance to them that calumniate  
     thy providence ?  
 Canst thou be actuated by private animosity ?  
 Seest thou as man seeth ?  
 Are thy days as man's days,  
 And thy years as the years of man ? <sup>(18)</sup>  
 Wilt thou inquire after mine iniquity,  
 And search after my sin,  
 Knowing that I am innocent,  
 And that I cannot be delivered out of thy hand ?  
 Behold, it was thine own hand that made and fashioned  
     me ;  
 And yet thou destroyest me !

Remember, now, that thou didst mould me as clay ;  
 And yet it is thou that bringest me to the dust again !  
 Thou didst pour me out like milk,  
 And thou didst curdle me like cheese ;  
 Thou didst clothe me with skin and flesh,  
 And with bones and sinews thou didst knit me together ;  
 Thou didst grant me strength and favor ;  
 Thy Spirit dwelt within me, and I lived :  
 Wilt thou, then, stultify thyself by defeating thine own  
 work ?

— Or was it this that thou didst hide for me in thy heart ?  
 Was this thy purpose from the beginning ? <sup>(19)</sup>

If I sin, thou observest me,  
 And thou absolvest me not from my guilt.  
 If I am righteous, I dare not lift up my head,  
 Because I am filled with shame, and with the sight of  
 mine own misery.  
 Yea, if I lift up my head, thou assaultest me as a lion ;  
 And thou showest, at my cost, the might of thine inex-  
 plicable power.  
 Witness after witness dost thou create on the stand  
 against me ;  
 Thy horsemen charge, squadron after squadron, on my  
 unresisting lines ;  
 Army after army dost thou raise up to overthrow me.  
 Why, then, didst thou bring me forth from the womb ?  
 Why did I not die before any eye saw me ?



Are not my days few? Is not my strength almost  
extinct?

Give ear, then, to mine application for an armistice!  
Cause thine armies to fall back for a season,  
That I may have rest for a little while,  
Before I go to the place from which I shall never re-  
turn, —

The land of darkness and of the shadow of death;  
A land of darkness which is darkness itself,  
Where the light is thick darkness.

**11** *THEN answered Zophar the Naamathite,  
and said, —*

Canst thou by a multitude of words wipe out facts?  
And wilt thou, because thou art full of talk, hold thy-  
self to be justified?

Shall he that heareth thee be silent because thou art  
self-deluded?

And, when thou laudest thyself, shall no man make  
thee ashamed?

Thou sayest, My rule of life is pure,  
And I am clean in God's eyes.

Oh that God might speak!

Oh that he might open his lips against thee! <sup>(20)</sup>

Then would he show thee the secrets of wisdom;  
For folded upon itself, fold over fold, is his counsel. <sup>(21)</sup>

Know that thine affliction is light,  
 And that God exacteth less from thee than thine in-  
 iquity deserveth ! <sup>(22)</sup>

Canst thou by searching find out God ?  
 Canst thou weigh the perfection of the Almighty ?  
 It is as high as heaven : what canst thou do ?  
 Deeper than hell : what canst thou know ?  
 The measure thereof is longer than the earth ;  
 Yea, and broader than the sea.  
 If God arrest and imprison, and arraign for trial,  
 Who shall hinder him ?  
 He knoweth evil men,  
 And he beholdeth iniquity when he seemeth not to  
 regard it.  
 Evil men are empty and witless,  
 And like wild-asses' colts from the day of their birth.

Turn now thy heart towards God,  
 And stretch out thy hands to him ;  
 Put iniquity far away from thee,  
 And let not wickedness dwell in thy habitation :  
 Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot ;  
 Thou shalt no longer be shaken out of thy place ;  
 And thou shalt fear nothing.  
 Thou shalt forget all thy sorrows,  
 Or remember them only as dark clouds that have  
 passed away.

Thy future shall rise upon thee like the noonday,  
 And thy present darkness shall begin to glow like the  
     morning ;  
 Thou shalt be confident because of the hope that shall  
     be born in thee ;  
 Thou shalt lie down, and no one shall make thee  
     afraid ;  
 Yea, many shall make their court unto thee.

But the eyes of the wicked shall waste away ;  
 They shall find no refuge ;  
 And their hope shall be like the giving-up of life.

## 12 *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

No doubt, ye are the whole people,  
 And wisdom will die with you.  
 I also have learned something ;  
 Yea, who hath not heard the things that ye tell me ?  
 I am as one who is mocked by his neighbors ;  
 Who calleth upon God, and the bystanders answer  
     him.

Just men are laughed to scorn,  
 And righteous men are despised because of their afflictions :

Meanwhile, thieves and robbers prosper,  
 And they that defy the Almighty dwell in safety ;  
 Yea, brigands who put their trust in their own strength,  
 And carry their gods in their own right hands.  
 Doth this happen without the consent of the Almighty ?  
 Inquire of the beasts of the field, and they will be  
     your instructors ;  
 Ask of the fowls of the air, and they will give you  
     lessons ;  
 Speak to the Earth, and she will teach you ;  
 Yea, the very fishes will answer with fit words :  
 Who among all these beareth not witness  
 That the hand of Jehovah is implicated in this ?  
 For in his hand is the breath of every living thing,  
 And the spirit of all mankind.

Doth not the ear try words as the palate trieth  
     savors ?  
 Are old men always wise ?  
 And doth understanding always accompany length of  
     days ?

With the Almighty are both wisdom and strength :  
 To him belong counsel and understanding.  
 That which he destroyeth cannot be rebuilt,  
 And that which he taketh captive cannot be delivered.  
 It is he that withholdeth the waters when the streams  
     dry up,

And that sendeth them forth again when they lay waste  
the earth.

The erring, and he that causeth to err, are both in his  
hand ;

The deceiver and the deceived are alike dependent on  
him.

He leadeth counsellors away spoiled,

And maketh judges fools.

On a sudden, the confidence of kings is dissolved :

The staff of authority breaketh in their hands,

And chains are fastened on their ankles.

Contempt is poured upon princes,

And they that are strong are themselves overpowered.

The practised orator forgetteth his speech ;

The decision is taken against him, and he is confounded :

He recollecteth his strong argument after the council  
hath risen.

God revealeth deep things that are hidden in the  
darkness,

And out of the very shadow of death he bringeth  
secret things into the broad light.

He enlargeth nations, and destroyeth them ;

He extendeth their boundaries,

And then he bringeth them back again into their former  
borders.

He taketh away understanding from the leaders of the  
people,

And they wander in a wilderness out of which no path  
leadeth.

Wise senators outwit themselves, and learned judges  
judge preposterously :

They grope their way for want of light,  
And they reel to and fro in the darkness like drunken  
men.

**13** LO ! mine eye hath seen all this ;  
Mine ear hath heard it, and understood it.  
That which ye have noted, I also have noted :  
I have not been more inattentive than ye have been.

But it is with the Almighty that I would plead ;  
It is before him that I would set forth my cause.  
As for you, ye are forgers of lies,  
And dealers in quack-medicines, all of you.  
Oh that ye would altogether hold your peace !  
Your silence would be counted to you for wisdom.

Listen, at all events, to my argument,  
And give ear to the pleadings of my lips.  
Will ye speak wrongfully for God ?  
Will ye pervert the facts, and misrepresent the issue,  
And utter sophisms, to further God's cause ?  
Are ye committed as partisans of the Almighty ?  
Are ye venal advocates, hired to lie on God's side ?

Will ye accept his person ?

Doth he require, or will he acknowledge, such allies as  
ye are ?

Will it be well with you when he shall search you  
out ?

Lo ! he will be the first to condemn you

If ye secretly have regard to his person.

Let his excellency, therefore, make you afraid ;

And let the dread of him fall upon you.

As for your wise sayings, they have the consistency of  
ashes ;

And your towers of defence are towers of clay.

Be silent, then, before me, that I may speak ;

And let happen what will !

Come what may, I will take my flesh in my teeth,

And I will carry my life in my hand.

Lo ! he slayeth me, even while I trust in him ! <sup>(23)</sup>

Yet will I maintain mine own way before him.

He shall also deliver me ;

For no hypocrite can stand in his presence. <sup>(24)</sup>

Hearken attentively to my discourse,

And let my declaration enter your ears.

Behold, I am ready ; I have set my cause in order :

I know that I am in the right ;

I cannot be refuted ; no one can plead against me ;

For, if the right were against me, I would hold my  
tongue, and die.

— Spare me two things only, O Almighty God !  
 And I will not hide myself from thy presence :  
 Withdraw thy scourge far away from me,  
 And let not thy dread paralyze me :  
 Then accuse thou me, and I will answer ;  
 Or I will accuse thee, and thou shalt answer ! <sup>(25)</sup>

Thou servest upon me no copy of the charges filed  
 against me ;  
 Thou sewest up my delinquencies that they may not be  
 known ;  
 Thou ~~sealest~~ up my transgressions in a bag.  
 What are mine iniquities ?  
 Make me to know my transgression.  
 Wherefore hidest thou thy face from me ?  
 Hold me not for thine enemy !  
 Wilt thou crush a leaf that is driven to and fro by the  
 wind ?  
 Wilt thou frighten a wisp of dried straw ?  
 Wilt thou visit upon me the sins of my youth, —  
 Things I have forgotten, and which I did without  
 malice ?  
 Wilt thou set my feet in the stocks,  
 And dig a trench round the soles of my feet,  
 And then watch me in my changes,  
 While I consume like a thing that is decaying,  
 Or like a garment that is moth-eaten ?



14 MAN that is born of woman  
 Is of few days, and full of trouble.  
 He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ;  
 He fleeth also as a shadow, and abideth not.  
 And dost thou fasten thine eyes upon such an one ?  
 Lo ! it is even such an one that thou now bringest unto  
 judgment.

Since man's days are counted beforehand by thee,  
 Since thou determinest the number of his months,  
 Since thou hast appointed him bounds that he cannot pass,  
 Why wilt thou not take thine eyes away from him,  
 That he may rest himself a little,  
 And that he may enjoy, like a hireling, the ending of  
 his day ?

There is hope for a tree,  
 That, if felled, it will sprout again,  
 And that it will send out branches :  
 Though the roots thereof have grown old in the earth,  
 And the trunk thereof lie decayed on the ground,  
 At the scent of water it will bud,  
 And put forth boughs like a young plant.  
 But man dieth, and that is the end of him ;  
 He expireth, and where is he ?  
 Men lie down, and they rise not again :  
 While the heavens endure, they will not awake ;  
 Nor shall they ever be roused again out of their sleep.

Oh that thou wouldest hide me in that Night from  
 which all things were brought forth !  
 Oh that thou wouldest keep me there in secret for a  
 set time !  
 Oh that thou wouldest put me apart for an appointed  
 season,  
 And remember me again after thy displeasure hath  
 passed away !  
 — But, if a man descend into that Night, can he come  
 up out of it ?  
 If he once die, can he ever live again ?  
 Yet, if it might be so, how patiently would I wait !  
 How joyfully would I answer thy voice when the  
 change should come ! <sup>(26)</sup>

As the mountain bringeth to nothing that on which  
 it falleth,  
 As waters wear away stones,  
 As rivers wash away their banks,  
 So destroyest thou, O God ! the hopes of man.  
 Thou changest him, and he existeth no more for-  
 ever.  
 His sons come to honor, but he knoweth it not ;  
 Or they are brought low, and he perceiveth it not.  
 In his own flesh only, and not in that of another, can  
 he suffer pain ;  
 And in his own soul only can he know mourning and  
 grief.

**15** *THEN answered Eliphaz the Temanite the second time, and said, —*

Do wise men abound in unprofitable talk,  
And in words that hit wide of the mark ?  
To what special point hast thou spoken in thy discourses ?

And what hast thou said that can benefit thy cause ?  
If thy words are sincere, thine own mouth condemneth thee,

And thine own lips bear witness against thee ;  
Yea, thou revealest the iniquity of thine own heart.  
Is this thy circumspection and thy prudence,  
Thy regard for the proprieties of life,  
And thine example to them that look to thee for instruction ?

We know that thou art wily, and full of devices ;  
Yet if thou sayest one thing, and intendest another,  
who shall interpret thy words ?

With us are aged and gray-headed men,<sup>(27)</sup>  
Older by many years than thy father.  
That which is in thee is in like manner in us ;  
Yea, what knowest thou that we know not also ?  
Art thou the first man that was born ?  
Wast thou brought forth before the hills ?  
Did God confide his secret to thee ?

And didst thou receive it while present in his council?  
 Art thou thyself that Wisdom which was from the beginning?

Behold, thy words have a tendency to discourage prayer!

Behold, thou settest forth the fear of God as a vain thing!

Despise not the kind words that we speak to thee,  
 And the consolations from God that we offer thee.  
 — Why dost thou suddenly put on that haggard look?  
 What mean those winkings of thine eyes?  
 Wilt thou question the sincerity of our motives?

Behold, it is against God that thou lettest loose thy wrath!  
 What is there in man, that he should affirm himself to be clean?  
 Or in him that is born of woman, that he should pretend to be innocent?  
 Doth not man drink iniquity like water?  
 How, then, can he be other than unclean in the sight of God?

I will show thee; listen thou to me:  
 This is that which our wise men learned from their fathers,  
 And which is also confirmed by mine own observations:

These are the teachings of a race that dwelt always  
apart,  
And with whom no stranger was ever allied by marriage.<sup>(28)</sup>

The wicked man passeth all his days in pain,  
And the oppressor suffereth throughout all the years  
that are assigned to him :  
A dreadful sound is always in his ears ;  
For, when he is in prosperity, he apprehendeth that the  
destroyer will fall suddenly upon him.  
He believeth not that he shall escape out of darkness ;  
He knoweth that the sword waiteth for him.  
He wandereth abroad, seeking for bread.  
He knoweth that the night is closing in upon him.  
Trouble and anguish hang on his flanks and his rear,  
Like armies posted by a king in the day of battle.

He hath stretched out his hands against God !  
He hath defied the Almighty to enter the lists against  
him !  
With uplifted head, he hath rushed upon the Most  
High !  
And the Almighty hath received him on the thick bosses  
of his buckler !

Vanity is the reward of him that trusteth in vanity ;  
And mischief, the harvest of him that soweth mischief.

The unrighteous man shall wither before his time :  
 Like a blighted vine shall he cast his unripe fruit,  
 And he shall shed his blossoms like an olive-tree.  
 The family of the unrighteous man is sterile ;  
 The fire of disease corrupteth his blood :  
 He conceived mischief ; and hath brought forth disaster  
     to himself,  
 Because he continually devised lies in his heart.

## 16 *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

I have heard these things before, and also others like  
     them.  
 Do ye not see, that, as comforters, ye are simply intolerable ?  
 Will there be no end to your words ?  
 What necessity is there for your replying to me at  
     all ?  
 I also could speak as ye speak,  
 If I were now in your place, and ye were in mine ;  
 I could heap up words against you,  
 And shake my head at you whenever I referred to  
     you.  
 But I would do nothing of the kind :  
 No : I would console you with my speech,  
 And the comfort of my lips should strengthen you.

Of what utility is this conference to me ?  
 If I speak, my pain is not assuaged ;  
 And, if I hold my tongue, I am not eased by my  
 silence.  
 I am exhausted, and utterly worn out.

My house is desolate.  
 The fact that I am treated as a criminal  
 Is counted as evidence against me ;  
 Yea, my leanness is a persistent witness  
 That continually riseth up to reproach me to my face.

Ye also, who have no reason to hate me, persecute  
 me and rend me ;  
 Ye sit before me, and gnash upon me with your teeth.  
 I am become a whetstone on which mine enemies  
 sharpen their eyes !  
 They open their mouths as though they would devour  
 me ;  
 They smite me reproachfully on the cheek.  
 Thou, O Lord ! hast given me over into the hands of  
 these men ;  
 Thou hast delivered me into the power of the ungodly.  
 They have made a confederacy against me :  
 There they sit, divided off into three reliefs ;  
 And two of them rest while the third assaulteth me !  
 I was at peace ; but thou, O God ! hast broken me  
 asunder.

Thou hast taken me up by the nape of the neck, and  
shaken me in pieces.

It is thou that hast set me up as a target to these  
men :

These are thine archers which compass me round about ;  
Which cleave my reins, and spare not ;  
Which pour out my gall upon the ground ;  
Which make upon me one assault after another,  
Like an army which throweth itself into a breach.

I have covered with sackcloth my skin,  
And have rolled my head in the dust :  
My face is foul with weeping,  
And the premonition of death blackens the hollow of  
mine eyes ;  
But not because of any wrong done by me :  
Behold, my prayer is pure !

O Earth ! cover not thou my blood,  
And let my cry have no resting-place until it be answered.

My record is on high, and I shall be justified ;  
For I have still a witness in heaven.  
My friends hold me in derision ;  
Therefore do I carry my cause up to God :  
It is to the Almighty, and to him only, that I appeal !  
I call upon God to judge between God and man  
As man judgeth between man and man !



**17** MY end approacheth ; my life is exhausted ;  
 My days are extinct : the grave is ready for  
 me, and I for it !

He that findeth occasion for secret triumph in the  
 calamity of his friend  
 Is capable of casting lots for the fatherless.  
 O Lord ! be thou my surety before thine own tribu-  
 nal :  
 No one else will now strike hands for me.  
 Behold, thou hast taken away wisdom from the hearts  
 of these men,  
 And in the end thou wilt cover them with confusion :  
 Thou wilt never suffer them to gain their cause.  
 He that in his heart betrayeth his friend  
 Is blind from that moment to the light of thy truth.<sup>(29)</sup>

I am become a by-word to the people ;  
 Yea, miserable wretches spit ostentatiously as soon as  
 they see me.  
 Hereafter, when these things are told, upright men will  
 be astonished,  
 And innocent men will rouse themselves against the  
 wicked.  
 Meanwhile, it becometh just men to persevere in their  
 integrity,  
 And to collect their strength in the day of adversity.

No man detaineth you ! Yea, go away, if ye will :  
I was on the point of proving that there is no wise man  
among you.

My days are at an end :

All the projects that my heart treasured are suddenly  
broken off.

Will ye contend that day is night, and night is day ?

The day ye hold out to me is very dark !

While I am looking to the under-world as my home ;

While I am preparing my bed in the darkness ;

While I am saying to the grave, Thou art my father !

And to the worms, Ye are my mother and my sisters !—

Shall I place confidence in the old songs ye repeat to  
me ?

My hope — what is it ?

It hath gone down into the grave ;

For there is rest to be found in the dust !

**18** *THEN answered Bildad the Shuhite the  
second time, and said, —*

How long wilt thou pile up words ?

How long wilt thou refuse to notice the true point at  
issue ?

When wilt thou begin to listen candidly to what we  
say ?

Why dost thou treat us as though we were stupid  
brutes ?

Why are we accounted as vile animals in thy sight ?  
Because thou seest fit to tear thyself in thine anger,  
Shall there be no room left for any one else in the world ?  
Shall all the rocks be moved out of their places for thy  
sake ?

Something remains stable ; and the truth is to-day the  
same that it was yesterday.

Yea, the lamp of the wicked shall be put out,  
And the embers shall expire on his hearth ;  
The fire shall be extinguished in his house,  
And the candle that is over his head shall go out.  
His strong steps shall be straitened,  
And his own counsels shall cast him down :  
He shall walk into the snare of his own accord,  
And the trap shall seize him by the heel.  
Like a king that followeth up a routed enemy,  
Terror shall assail him on every side :  
Terror shall sit in his tent, and render it uninhabit-  
able.

His root shall dry up under him,  
And his branches shall wither above him.  
His memory shall perish from the earth,  
And no homestead shall be called by his name.  
He shall be driven from light into darkness,  
And chased out of the world.

He shall have neither son nor nephew among his people,  
 Nor survivor in his dwelling-place.  
 They that are younger than he shall be amazed ;  
 And his elders shall be frightened, and take warning.

## 19 *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

How long will ye vex my soul,  
 And break me in pieces with your words ?  
 This is now the tenth time ye have insulted me, —  
 The tenth time ye have stunned me with your shame-  
     less calumnies.  
 If ye would justify your insolent assumptions,  
 Prove against me the charges which ye insinuate.  
 Know that the Almighty violateth my right  
 In compassing me in this way with his net !  
 Behold, I protest against wrong, and receive no an-  
     swer ;  
 I cry aloud against unlawful violence, and obtain no  
     justice.  
 God treateth me as though I were his enemy ; which I  
     am not.  
 He concentrateth his troops against me :  
 They push their approaches towards me ;  
 They throw up their works round about me ;  
 They encamp over against my tent.

Lo ! God hath cut me off from all my natural allies ;  
 Mine acquaintance hath he wholly estranged from me.  
 My kinsfolk have failed,  
 And my familiar friends have forgotten me :  
 They that have been taken into mine own house,  
 Yea, mine own maid-servants, treat me as a stranger ;  
 I am an alien in their eyes.  
 I call my man-servant, and he maketh no answer ;  
 Yea, I entreat him with my voice.  
 My breath is loathsome to my wife.  
 Young children despise me :  
 I rise up, and they jeer at me.  
 My confidential friends have turned against me,  
 And they whom I loved have become mine accusers.  
 My bones appear through my flesh,  
 And I have barely escaped with the skin of my teeth.  
 Have pity on me, have pity on me, O my friends !  
 For it is the hand of God that smiteth me.<sup>(30)</sup>

Oh that my words might now be written !  
 Oh that they might be registered in a memorial !  
 That they might be graven with a pen of iron  
 And with lead in the rock for ever !  
 I know that my Vindicator liveth,  
 And that he will stand at the end upon the earth ;  
 Yea, before I go down into the grave that is waiting  
     for me,  
 I shall in my flesh see God !

Yea, I shall behold him as an advocate on my side,  
 Giving evidence that he is not estranged from me.  
 I shall see him for myself :  
 Mine eyes shall behold him. In longing for his appearance,  
 my reins pine away !

In that hour, ye shall hide your heads in confusion ;  
 Ye shall also say, Why persecuted we him, seeing the  
 root of the matter is found in him ?  
 — Meanwhile, be ye afraid of the sword !  
 For malice is a crime that calleth for the sword.  
 Ye shall be taught that there is a judgment !<sup>(31)</sup>

**20** *THEN answered Zophar the Naamathite  
 the second time, and said, —*

In spite of this insult, my thoughts suggest to me  
 an answer ;  
 For the impulse is stirring within me.  
 This shameful check I will bear ;  
 But the spirit of my understanding presenteth me with  
 a reply.<sup>(32)</sup>

From of old, — from the time when man was first  
 placed on the earth, —  
 The triumph of the wicked hath always been short.

Although in his own conceit his stature may reach unto  
 heaven,  
 And his head be above the clouds,  
 Yet shall he perish for ever,  
 And in the just measure of his own self-deception.  
 They which have seen him shall say, Where is he ?  
 He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found ;  
 Yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.  
 His children shall seek to appease them that have been  
 spoiled ;  
 Yea, his own children shall refuse to inherit from him. <sup>(38)</sup>

The wicked shall not enjoy the flowing streams,  
 The brooks of honey and of butter.  
 The fruit of his perverse labor shall he restore :  
 He shall not swallow it down.  
 According to his substance shall the restitution be :  
 He shall not rejoice in any of his acquisitions.

He that oppresseth and forsaketh the poor,  
 He that wrongfully obtaineth possession of a house  
 which he builded not,  
 Shall not save any part of the fruit of his extortions.  
 In the fulness of sufficiency, he shall be in straits :  
 No calamity of wretchedness shall he escape.

This is wherewith the wicked man shall satisfy his  
 hunger :

God shall cast the fury of his indignation upon him,  
 And rain wrath upon him for his food.  
 The wicked man fleeth from the iron weapon,  
 And the arrow of steel striketh him through.  
 He draweth the arrow out of his body,  
 And the glittering barbs lay open his gall.  
 Calamities lie in ambush for him in every dark corner :  
 Heaven revealeth his iniquity,  
 And the earth riseth up against him.  
 The increase of his house is scattered,  
 And his goods flow away in the day of wrath.  
 Lo ! this is the portion of a wicked man from God,  
 And the heritage appointed unto him by the Almighty.

## 21 *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

Weigh well what I am about to say :  
 Grant me at least this consolation.  
 Suffer me to speak in my turn ;  
 And, after I have spoken, mock on.

Look upon me, and be astonished ;  
 Yea, lay your hands upon your mouths !  
 When I think of mine undeserved calamity, I am  
     afraid,  
 And trembling taketh hold upon my flesh !



If, now, my controversy were with a man,  
Would I not be justified in losing all patience ?

Wherefore do the wicked live,  
Grow old, yea, become mighty in power ?<sup>(34)</sup>  
Their families are established in their sight,  
And their offspring multiply around them.  
Their houses are free from fear,  
And no scourge of God is upon them.  
Their little ones come out like a flock,  
Dancing to the sound of the pipe,  
And shouting to the sound of the tabret and the harp.

The wicked spend their days in affluence,  
And die suddenly without suffering ;  
Yea, in a moment, they go down to the grave.  
And yet they have said unto God, Depart from us !  
For we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.  
They have said, Who is the Almighty that we should  
serve him ?  
And what are we profited if we pray unto him ?

It is true that the prosperity of the wicked is not  
assured to them ;  
But are the righteous always exempt from misfortune ?  
How often happeneth it that the candle of the wicked  
is disastrously put out ?

Is it a fact that swift destruction falleth always upon  
them ?

Are they always as chaff before the wind,

And as stubble that the storm carrieth away ?

Is it true that God continually distributeth sorrows in  
his anger ?

And what availeth it if children suffer for their par-  
ents ?

Ought not the wicked man to see his destruction with  
his own eyes ?

Ought he not himself to know of his own punishment ?

Let him, and not another for him, drink of the wrath  
of the Almighty !

What concern hath he in his house after him

When once the number of his months is completed ?

One man dieth in his full strength,

Being wholly at ease, and quiet ;

His sides are full of fat,

And his bones are moistened with marrow :

Another man dieth in the bitterness of his soul,

Who hath never eaten a satisfactory meal.

Both of them lie down in the dust,

And the worms treat them alike.

Behold, I know what ye are thinking,

And the opinions that ye wrongfully hold concerning  
me ;

For ye say among yourselves, Have we not here a case  
in point?

What hath become of the house of this tyrant?

And what security is there in the dwelling-places of  
the wicked?

Have ye never inquired of travellers that know foreign  
countries?

Are ye ignorant of their testimony?

They will tell you that the wicked are spared in the  
day of destruction,

And are hid away in their graves before the day of  
wrath cometh.<sup>(35)</sup>

Who reproacheth the wicked man to his face?

Who repayeth him the evil that he doeth?

The wicked man is escorted with honor to his grave,

And his praise is engraved on his tomb.

The clods of the valley are sweet to him.

They that come after him follow his example,

Even as he followed the example of multitudes that  
went before him.

Will any man pretend to teach wisdom to God?

And yet God taketh note of all these things!

Of what value, then, are all your discourses,

Seeing that your answers are based on a misrepresentation  
of the facts?

**22** *THEN answered Eliphaz the Temanite the third time, and said, —*

Can a man be profitable unto God ?  
 No ; but he that is wise may profit himself !  
 Is it any advantage to the Almighty that thou art  
     righteous,  
 Or any gain to him that thou walkest uprightly ?  
 Will he dispute with thee out of respect to thee ?  
 Will he enter into judgment with thee ?

Lo ! thine iniquity hath been very great,  
 And thy wickedness without any end :  
 For it is thou that hast taken pledges from thy brother  
     unjustly,  
 And hast stripped the poor of their clothing ;  
 It is thou that hast refused water to the weary,  
 And hast withholden bread from the hungry.  
 For, behold ! thou hast been the man of power in the  
     land,  
 And the honorable man that was feared in it, —  
 The man of influence and of authority.  
 Lo ! he that seeth evil, and preventeth it not,  
 Is himself a consenting party to the wrong that is done.  
 Thou hast sent widows away empty ;  
 For it was through thy neglect that they became a prey  
     to exactors.

Thou hast broken the arms of the fatherless,  
Inasmuch as thou hast not thyself defended them against  
spoilers.

Didst thou not sit as a judge in the gate?

Is not God in the height of heaven?  
And behold the stars, how high they are!  
Wilt thou be of them which say, What doth God  
know?

What note taketh he of all that happeneth on the  
earth?

Wilt thou also say, The dark clouds are a veil before  
him:

He walketh on the other side of the arch of heaven,  
And he cannot judge through the thick darkness?

Wilt thou wander into that old and evil way  
Which wicked men have trodden,  
Who have been cut off before their time,  
And whose foundations have been swept from beneath  
them?

Who said unto God, Depart from us!  
And asked, What can the Almighty do for us?  
And yet it was God that filled their houses with good  
things!

Away with the delusions of the wicked!  
The righteous see the fate of the wicked, and rejoice;  
The innocent laugh them to scorn.

Be reconciled with God, and thou shalt find peace,  
 And prosperity shall return unto thee.  
 Receive thy law from his mouth,  
 And lay up his words in thy heart.  
 Cast thy gold to the dust,  
 And the gold of Ophir to the stones of the brook :  
 Then shall the Almighty be thy gold ;  
 He shall be thy treasures of silver :  
 Then shalt thou have peace with the Almighty,  
 And thou shalt lift up thy face unto God.  
 Thou shalt pray to him, and he will hear thee ;  
 And thou shalt be enabled to perform all thy vows.  
 The purpose which thou formest shall prosper with thee,  
 And success shall light up all thy ways.  
 God will deliver even him that is not innocent,  
 If he humble himself, and forsake the evil he hath  
 done.

**23** *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

All along, ye have treated my complaint as froward-  
 ness ;  
 But my wound is deeper than my groaning !

Oh that I knew where I might find God !  
 That I might go before his throne !  
 I would order my case before him,

And fill my mouth with arguments.

He would explain to me the cause of my sorrow,  
And I should be convinced by what he would say to  
me.

Would he plead against me the bare fact of his hostility ?

No : he would be considerate to me ;

He would permit me to argue my cause,

And I should be fully acquitted by my Judge.

But, if I go forward, lo ! he is not there ;

If I go backward, I cannot perceive him ;

If I turn to the left, where he worketh, I cannot find  
him ;

And he hideth himself on the right hand, so that I cannot  
see him.

But he knoweth what there is in my consciousness ;

He knoweth the way I have kept in my heart ;

And I shall come forth from the trial like pure gold.

My foot hath trodden in his steps :

His way have I kept ; and I have not turned aside  
from it :

I have not wandered from the commandment of his  
lips,

And all the words of his mouth I have treasured up in  
my bosom.<sup>(36)</sup>

But God hath made up his mind, and no one can  
turn him :

That which he hath resolved, even that will he do.  
 He performeth that which is appointed for me.  
 Many such inexplicable things are with him :  
 Therefore am I troubled when I think of him ;  
 When I consider, I am afraid of him.  
 God hath taken the strength from my heart ;  
 Yea, God terrifyeth me ;  
 Because I was not taken away before this darkness  
     came,  
 And because this darkness was not hidden from mine  
     eyes.

**24** WHY, seeing that times are not hidden from  
     the Almighty,  
 Doth he not so dispose events that his servants may  
     see his justice ?

The wicked remove landmarks to feed flocks they  
     obtain by violence ;  
 They drive away before them the ass of the fatherless ;  
 They take the widow's ox for a pledge, and give nothing  
     in return ;  
 They push the needy out of the way,  
 And the poor are forced to hide themselves out of sight.

Behold ! like the wild asses of the desert, the poor  
     go forth for food,



Rising betimes to seek for their nourishment.  
 The wilderness yieldeth insufficient food for them and  
 for their children :

They glean what they can in the barren wastes,  
 And stealthily plunder from the vintage of the oppressor.

They sleep without clothing :

They have no covering from the cold.

They are drenched with the showers of the mountains,  
 And hug against the rocks through lack of all other  
 shelter.

Lo ! the fatherless is torn from the arms of his  
 mother,

And the needy are defrauded of their wages :

While carrying other men's sheaves on their shoulders,  
 they are themselves hungry ;

While treading other men's wine-presses, they are them-  
 selves thirsty.

Men groan from oppression in the cities ;

The wounded cry aloud under the taskmaster's lash :

And yet what account doth God make of all these out-  
 rages ?

There are criminals that avoid light,  
 That know not its ways,  
 And abide not in its paths.  
 Housebreakers go about just before the morning  
 To kill them that are asleep and defenceless,

In order that they may rob safely and in the dark.  
 In the night, they break through houses  
 That they had marked in the day-time ;  
 And, in the day, they hide themselves.  
 They are wonted to the terrors of midnight darkness ;  
 But the morning is to them as the shadow of death.<sup>(37)</sup>

As drought and heat consume the snow-waters,  
 So doth the grave consume all that have sinned.  
 Their own mothers forget them ;  
 The worms feed upon them ;  
 They are no longer remembered ;  
 They decay and moulder like trees.  
 But do not the righteous go down also into the pit ?

The Almighty sustaineth the wicked by his power,  
 or they would not be.  
 God giveth them security, and they are confident ;  
 Yet his eyes are upon all their ways !  
 They toss with fevers upon their beds,  
 And they rise up again after they have given up all  
 hope of life.  
 They are cut off, but in the midst of prosperity ;  
 And they are, just like all other men, taken out of the  
 way.  
 Like the ripest of the ears of corn are they cut down.  
 If it be not so, who of you will confute me,  
 And show my speech to be worth nothing ?

**25** *THEN answered Bildad the Shuhite the third time, and said, —*

Dominion and terror belong to God,  
 And he maintaineth peace in his high places.  
 Is there any numbering of his armies ?  
 And upon whom doth not his light arise ?  
 How, then, can a man hold his own before God,  
 Or he that is born of woman be accounted clean ? <sup>(38)</sup>  
 Behold, the moon is not bright,  
 Yea, the stars are not clean, in his sight !  
 How much less a man, which is a worm ;  
 And the son of a man, which is also a worm ! <sup>(39)</sup>

**26** *THEN Job answered, and said, —*

Behold, how thou hast effectually helped the power-  
 less,  
 And strengthened arms that were feeble !  
 Behold, how thou hast counselled the unwise,  
 And hast copiously declared the thing just as it is !  
 — But to whom were thy words uttered ?  
 And whose spirit was it that came forth from thee ? <sup>(40)</sup>

The shades from below tremble, —  
 They that were overthrown with brimstone and with  
 fire :

Beneath the waters is their dwelling-place ; <sup>(41)</sup>  
 And, above them, living things disport themselves.

The under-world is naked before God,  
 And to him destruction hath no covering.  
 He stretcheth the north upon empty space,  
 And hangeth the earth upon nothing.

He bindeth about the waters with thick clouds,  
 And the clouds are not rent under them ;  
 He concealeth the place of his throne,  
 And spreadeth a cloud upon it.

He hath drawn a circle around the sea,  
 And therein is the limit of the light and of the darkness.  
 The pillars of heaven tremble,  
 And are astonished at his voice.

By his power he quelleth the waves,  
 And by his wisdom he smiteth down pride.  
 By his spirit he hath adorned the heavens :  
 His hand it was that formed the starry serpent.

Lo ! these are the outskirts only of his ways :  
 What we hear of him is as a mere whisper of a word ;  
 But the thunder of his power who can understand ?

**27** I SWEAR by the Almighty, who hath denied me justice,  
 And by the Most High, who hath afflicted my soul,  
 That so long as my breath is in me,  
 And the Spirit of God is in my nostrils,  
 My lips shall not speak falsehood,  
 And my tongue shall not deny the truth.  
 Never will I admit that you are in the right :  
 To my last breath will I assert mine innocence.  
 I will not submit to any impeachment of mine integrity :  
 My conscience reproacheth me for no act of my life.

*Then answered Zophar the Naamathite the third time, and said,<sup>(42)</sup> —*

May mine enemy meet with the fate of the wicked,  
 And they that rise up against me perish with the hypocrites !  
 For what doth the hypocrite hope for, although he hath gotten gain,  
 When God demandeth his soul ?  
 Doth he delight himself in the Almighty,  
 And feel that he hath a sure appeal unto God at all times ?  
 Doth he think of God with delight while he is dying ?  
 Doth God answer his cry when he calleth aloud in agony ?<sup>(43)</sup>

I will teach you concerning God's hand :  
 That which is with the Almighty I will not conceal.  
 Behold, ye have yourselves seen it ;  
 Ye are all of you witnesses to the facts :  
 Why, then, waste ye your breath in vain words ?<sup>(44)</sup>

Ye behold the portion that wicked men receive from  
 God,  
 And the inheritance that oppressors receive from the  
 Almighty !  
 Their children are multiplied ; but it is for the sword :  
 And their offspring shall not be satisfied with bread.  
 Those that remain of them shall be carried off by the  
 plague,  
 And none of their widows shall mourn for them.

Though the wicked man heap up silver as the dust,  
 And prepare raiment as the clay :  
 He may prepare it ; but the just shall put it on,  
 And the innocent shall divide the silver.<sup>(45)</sup>

The house that he buildeth is like the house of a  
 moth,  
 And like the booth for a night which the vine-tender  
 maketh.  
 He lieth down rich ; but it is for the last time.  
 Terrors pursue him as a flood ;  
 A tempest snatcheth him away in the night.

The Almighty sendeth his lightnings after him, and  
doth not spare :

His attempts to escape from God's hand are futile.

Men clap their hands when he is taken away,

And hiss after him as he departeth from his place.<sup>(46)</sup>

**28** THERE is a vein for silver,  
And a place for gold, where it is mined.  
Iron is taken out of the earth,  
And copper is melted out of stones.

Workmen invade the dominions of darkness :  
They push their shafts to the lowest depths ;  
They exhaust the treasures of darkness  
That are concealed under the shadow of death.  
They dig their pits at a distance from the pathways :  
Men walk on the ground,  
And know not that it is hollow under them.

The miners are swung down into the pits,  
Where they sway to and fro :  
The earth, out of which bread cometh,  
Is torn by them, inwardly, as though with fire.  
They work upon rocks in which sapphires are embedded,  
And bring up clods of gold.

Theirs is a path which no bird of prey hath known,  
And which the vulture's eye hath never seen :

The lion's whelps have not trodden it,  
And the fierce lion hath not left his tracks upon it.<sup>(47)</sup>

The miner layeth his hand upon the underlying  
granite,  
And overturneth the mountains at their base ;  
He turneth away the rivers among the rocks  
Until his eye beholdeth every hidden thing ;  
He draineth the shafts  
Until he hath brought every precious thing to light.

But where shall Wisdom be found ?  
And where is the place of Understanding ?  
The price thereof cannot be estimated ;  
Neither can Wisdom be found in the land of the living.  
The deep saith, It is not in me !  
And the sea saith, It is not with me !<sup>(48)</sup>  
Gold will not buy it,  
Neither shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.  
It cannot be put in the scales against the gold of Ophir,  
Nor against the precious onyx, nor the sapphire.  
Gold and crystal may not be compared with it,  
Nor vessels of fine gold be exchanged for it.  
Corals and pearls cannot be mentioned with it ;  
For the possession of Wisdom is above rubies.  
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not be likened to it,  
Neither can it be weighed with pure gold.  
Whence, then, cometh Wisdom,



And where is the place of Understanding,  
 Seeing it is hid from all living,  
 And kept close from the fowls of the air ?  
 Destruction and Death say,  
 We have barely heard the fame thereof with our ears !<sup>(49)</sup>

God understandeth the way to it,  
 And he knoweth the place of it ;  
 For he looketh to the ends of the earth,  
 And seeth under the whole heaven,  
 To determine the weight for the winds,  
 And to mete out the waters by measure.  
 When he decreed a law for the rain,  
 And a track for the thunder-flash,  
 Then did he see it and declare it :  
 He established it ; yea, and perfected it.  
 And unto man he said,  
 Behold ! the fear of the Lord, — that is Wisdom ;  
 And to depart from evil is Understanding.

**29** *AGAIN Job took up his parable, and said, —*

Oh that I were as in the months of old,  
 In the days when God protected me ;  
 When his candle shone upon my head,  
 And when by its light I walked through the darkness :

As I was in the days of my youth,  
 When the hidden favor of the Almighty shone in my  
     tent ;  
 While yet the Almighty was with me,  
 And my children were round about me ;  
 When my steps were washed with milk,  
 And the rock poured me out rivers of oil !

I went out to the gate through the city ;  
 I prepared my seat in the broad way :  
 Then the young men saw me, and hid themselves ;  
 And the old men rose, and remained standing ;  
 The princes refrained from talking,  
 And laid their hands on their mouths.  
 For when the ear heard me, then it blessed me ;  
 And when the eye saw me, it bore witness in my  
     favor ;  
 Because I delivered the poor that cried,  
 And the fatherless, and him that had no one to help  
     him.  
 The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon  
     me,  
 And the heart of the widow made I to sing for joy.  
 I put on righteousness, and it clothed me :  
 My rectitude stood to me as a robe and as a diadem.  
 I was eyes to the blind,  
 And feet was I to the lame ;  
 I was a father to the poor,

And I searched out causes at the request of them that  
 I knew not ;  
 I broke the jaw-teeth of the wicked,  
 And plucked out the prey from between his jaws.<sup>(80)</sup>

I said in my heart, I shall die in my nest,  
 And I shall multiply my days as the sand :  
 For my root is open to the waters,  
 And the dew resteth all the night on my branches ;  
 My glory is fresh upon me,  
 And my hand continually reneweth its strength.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited ;  
 And they kept silence after I had spoken :  
 My words distilled upon them,  
 And to my words they added nothing.  
 They waited for me as for the rain,  
 And opened wide their mouths as for the latter showers.  
 If I smiled upon them, they could hardly believe it ;  
 And the light of my own countenance was cast down  
 by none of them.  
 When I came among them, I sat as a chief ;  
 I dwelt as a king in the army,  
 Or as one that comforteth mourners.

**30** BUT now they that are younger than I am  
hold me in derision, —

Men whose fathers I disdained to set with the dogs of  
my flock !

Of what avail to me was the strength of their hands ?

They were offshoots of a low breed,

Without muscular vigor,

And incapable of attaining to ripe age.

They famished with want and hunger ;

They fed on the desert,

And in the wastes of utter desolation.

They plucked saltwort by the bushes ;

And broom-plant, out of which they made bread.

They were driven away from the neighborhood of the  
encampments,

And chased out of the rich grounds :

Men cried out after them as after a thief.

They had to dwell in sterile gorges,

In caves of the earth, and among the rocks.

Among the bushes they brayed ;

Among the nettles they rolled themselves together.

They were children of fools ;

Yea, children of nameless men :

They were viler than the earth.

And now I am become their song ;

Yea, I am become a by-word to them.

They loathe my person ; they stand aloof from me,

And refrain not from spitting in my presence.  
 Because God hath let loose his rein, and humbled me,  
 They also cast off the bridle before me.  
 A brood of their children riseth up at my right hand ;  
 They trip up my feet ;  
 They dig their approaches against me ;  
 And I have no help against them.  
 They come in upon me like a wide breach of waters,  
 And they crawl along under cover of the ruins.<sup>(51)</sup>

Terrors assail me on every side :  
 I am deprived of my position and influence as by a  
     whirlwind,  
 And my prosperity hath been chased away like a cloud.  
 And now my soul poureth itself out in complaints ;  
 For evil days have taken hold upon me.  
 My bones are pierced within me in the night-season,  
 And my gnawing pain never ceaseth.  
 I am so swollen, that my robe is tight for me :  
 It girdeth me about like an inner garment.  
 The Most High hath overthrown me in the mire,  
 And mixed me up with the dust and ashes.  
 I cry aloud to the Almighty, and he will not hear me ;  
 I stand up before him, and he refuseth to notice me.  
 He hath become cruel unto me,  
 And he letteth loose against me the full strength of his  
     hand.  
 — I know it ! Thou hast appointed me for death ;

And I shall go to the house appointed for all the living.  
When he stretcheth forth his hand, it is in vain to pray  
to him :

When he hath made up his mind to kill a man, all out-  
cries are useless.

What availeth it to me that I wept with him who was  
in trouble,

And that my soul sorrowed for the poor ?

I looked for good, and evil hath come ;

I waited for the light, but there came darkness.

My bowels are made to boil, and I have no rest :

The days of trouble have overtaken me.

My body is blackened, but not from the rays of the  
sun :

Therefore I stand aloof from the congregation, and im-  
plore help.

I am become a brother to jackals,

And a companion to the ostrich's daughter.

My skin turneth black, and peebleth away ;

And within me my bones are burned with heat.

My harp is tuned to mourning ;

And my pipe, to sounds of grief.

**31** I MADE a covenant with mine eyes,  
So that I dared not look upon a young woman.  
[What lot, I said, will God award thee from on  
high ?

And what portion shalt thou receive from the  
Almighty ?

Is not destruction reserved for the wicked,  
And strange calamities for the workers of iniquity ?  
Is not his eye upon all thy ways ?  
Doth not he count all thy steps ?]

If I have walked falsely ;  
If my foot hath hastened in the path of deceit ;  
[Let God weigh me in a just balance ;  
He knoweth that I am innocent in this thing ;]

If my step hath turned out of the right way,  
And my heart hath walked after mine eyes,  
And any blot hath cleaved to my hands, —  
Then let another eat that which I have sown,  
And let my harvests be rooted up !

If my heart hath been enticed by a woman,  
And I have lain in wait at my neighbor's door,  
Then let my wife be the slave of another man,  
And let other men enjoy her embraces !<sup>(52)</sup>

— Lo ! that is wickedness ;  
Yea, an iniquity to be punished by the judges !<sup>(53)</sup>  
— Lo ! that is a destruction that consumeth like fire ;  
And, were I guilty, it would root out all mine in-  
crease !

If I have spurned the right of my slave, or of my  
handmaiden,  
When I have sat in judgment in mine own cause,

What should I myself do if God should arise?  
 And, if God should visit me, how could I answer him?  
 Did not He that made me make my slave also?  
 Did not the same Creator fashion us in the womb?

If I have kept back the weak from their desire;  
 If I have made the eyes of the widow to consume  
     away in waiting,  
 Or have eaten my morsel by myself alone;  
 If I have seen any one perishing for want of clothing,  
 Or any poor man without covering,  
 And his loins have not blessed me,  
 Or if he have not been warmed from the fleece of my  
     flocks;  
 If I have shaken my head at the orphan  
 When I saw the judge ready to sustain me at the  
     gate, —  
 Then let my shoulder fall from its shoulder-blade,  
 And my fore-arm be broken at its socket!  
 For I was always afraid that God might destroy me;  
 And, at the thought of his majesty, I was powerless.

If I have put my confidence in gold,  
 Or said to hoarded fine gold, Thou art my trust!  
 If I became confident when my wealth increased,  
 And because mine hand had gotten much;<sup>(54)</sup>  
 If I beheld the sun when it shined,  
 Or the moon walking in brightness,



And my heart hath been secretly enticed,  
Or my mouth hath kissed my hand ;

[This also would have been a crime to be punished by the judge ;<sup>(85)</sup>

For I should have denied the God that is above ;<sup>(86)</sup>]

If I rejoiced at mine enemy's calamity,  
Or triumphed when evil overtook him ;

[Yea, I suffered not my mouth to sin  
By asking a curse upon his soul ;]

If the men of my tent have not asked,

Is there any one that hath not eaten of his meat ?

[For the stranger passed not the night on the outside,

And my doors were always open to travellers ;]

If, as men are wont to do, I covered my transgressions,  
And hid mine iniquities in mine own bosom ;

If I dreaded public opinion,

And allowed the contempt of the tribes to terrify me,

So that I held my peace, and went not forth at the door :<sup>(87)</sup>

— Oh that some one would now listen to me !

Behold ! here is my signature : let the Almighty answer !

Let him write out his charges against me,

And sign them with his initials !

If he would do it, I would bear them openly on my shoulder,

And I would display them upon my forehead ;  
 For they would be a crown and a sceptre to me !  
 I would recount to him all my steps,  
 And as a prince would I stand before him.<sup>(58)</sup>

If my land cry out against me,  
 Or if the furrows thereof complain ;  
 If I have eaten the fruits thereof without paying my  
     hired men ;  
 Or if I gained it by extortion from its lawful owners, —  
 Then let thistles grow on it instead of wheat,  
 And cockle instead of barley !

*The words of Job are ended.*

*So these three men<sup>(59)</sup> ceased to answer Job, because  
 he was righteous in his own eyes.<sup>(60)</sup>*

**38** *THEN Jehovah answered Job out of the  
 whirlwind, and said, —*

Who is this that darkeneth counsel  
 By words without knowledge ?<sup>(61)</sup>  
 Gird up thy loins now, and answer like a man.  
 I will question thee, and will obtain information from  
     thee.<sup>(62)</sup>

Where wast thou when I founded the earth ?  
 Who was it that fixed the foundations thereof ?  
 Tell me, since thou rememberest it all !  
 Who stretched out the line upon it ?  
 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?  
 Who laid the corner-stone thereof,  
 When the morning-stars sang together,  
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy ? <sup>(63)</sup>

Who was it that shut up the sea with doors,  
 When it brake forth as if issuing from the womb ;  
 When I gave it the clouds for clothing,  
 And black storm-clouds for a swaddling-band ;  
 When I hewed out for it its appointed place,  
 And made for it bars and bolts ;  
 When I said to it, Thus far shalt thou come, and no  
     farther ;  
 And here shall thy proud waves be stayed ?

Hast thou all along commanded the morning,  
 And caused the day-spring to know its place,  
 That it should take hold upon the four corners of the  
     earth,  
 And shake out all them that dread the light ?  
 — The Earth is changed by it like clay under a seal,  
 And is made to stand forth in her apparel ; <sup>(64)</sup>  
 So that day ceaseth for them to whom night is day,  
 And the arm of the evil-doer is smitten down.

Hast thou visited the secret springs of the sea ?  
 Or hast thou walked in the hidden places of the deep ?  
 Have the gates of the under-world been opened to thee ?  
 Hast thou seen the portals of the Shadow of Death ?  
 Hast thou visited the home of the thick Darkness ?  
 — Thou didst shut up the Darkness within bounds,  
 And shouldest know the paths to her house !  
 Yea, thou knowest all these things ; for thou wast then  
     born !  
 Behold, how great is the number of thy days !

Hast thou entered into the treasure-houses of the snow,  
 Hast thou seen the arsenals of hail,  
 Which I have laid up against the day of trouble,  
 Against the day of battle and of war ?

Who cut out channels for the rain,  
 And a path for the flash whose voice is thunder ;  
 To cause it to rain in countries where no men are,  
 And in the blank wilderness wherein is no man ;  
 To cause it to rain on desolate and waste grounds,  
 That the tender grass may spring forth ?

Who hath begotten the dew-drops ?  
 And the hoar-frost of heaven — who is its father ?  
 Out of whose womb cometh forth the ice,  
 When the waters are hidden as in a stone,  
 And the face of the deep cleaveth together ?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,  
 Or loosen the bands of Orion?  
 Dost thou lead forth the Signs in their season,  
 And the Great Bear with his sons?  
 Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?  
 Dost thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?  
 Who was it that imparted such understanding to thy reins,  
 And gave such intelligence to thy mind?

Canst thou send lightnings, that shall go forth,  
 And return, and say unto thee, Here we are?

Canst thou hunt prey for the lioness,  
 Or satisfy the craving of the young lions  
 When they crouch in their dens,  
 Or lie in ambush in the thicket?  
 Who is it that provideth food for the ravens  
 When their young ones cry aloud unto God,  
 And wander abroad for lack of meat?

**39** DOST thou know the time when the rock-goats  
 calve?

Or knowest thou when the hinds are in travail?  
 Knowest thou the months they fulfil,  
 Or the times of their bringing-forth?

Who hath given freedom to the wild ass?  
 And who hath loosed his bonds?

He hath his appointed home in the wilderness,  
And the barren wastes have been given him for a dwelling-place.

He scorneth the multitude of the city,  
And regardeth not the shouts of the driver.  
The range of the free mountains is his pasture,  
Where he searcheth out every green thing.

Will the wild ox be willing to serve thee,  
Or to abide patiently near thy crib?  
Wilt thou put him in harness at thy furrow?  
Or will he harrow thy valleys after thee?  
Wilt thou have confidence in him because his strength  
is great?  
Or wilt thou leave thy labor to him?  
Wilt thou believe him, that he will gather home thy seed,  
And bring it to thy threshing-floor?

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?  
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?<sup>(65)</sup>  
The ostrich abandoneth her eggs in the earth,  
Where they are warmed by the sand:  
She forgetteth that the foot may trample them,  
Or that the beast of the field may crush them.  
She is hardened against her young as though they were  
not hers,  
And feareth not that her labor may be in vain;  
For God hath not granted her wisdom,

And hath not meted out intelligence unto her.  
 — But, when she lifteth herself up to run,  
 She scorneth the horse and his rider !

Dost thou give strength to the horse ?  
 Dost thou clothe his neck with thunder ?  
 Dost thou make him to bound as a grasshopper ?  
 The snortings of his nostrils are terrible !  
 He paweth in the valley ;  
 He rejoiceth in his strength ;  
 He goeth forth to meet the armed men :  
 The quiver rattleth against him,  
 With the glittering spear and the shield.<sup>(66)</sup>  
 He swalloweth the ground with trembling and rage ;  
 Neither will he acknowledge that it is the sound of the  
                   trumpet.  
 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha !  
 And he scenteth the battle afar off, —  
 The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Is it by thy wisdom that the hawk flieth upward,  
 Stretching his wings towards the south ?

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,  
 Building her nest on high ?  
 There she resteth, and abideth throughout the night ;  
 For the jagged rock is her fortress :  
 From thence she seeketh her prey,

And her eyes behold it afar off.  
 Her young ones also suck up blood ;  
 And where the slain are, there is she !

**40** *MOREOVER, Jehovah answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, —*

Will the fault-finder contend with the Almighty ?  
 He that reproveth God, let him look to it !

*Then Job answered Jehovah, and said, —*

Behold, I am vile ! What shall I answer thee ?  
 I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.  
 Once have I spoken ; but I will not answer :  
 Yea, twice ; but I will not again.

*Then Jehovah answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, —*

Gird up thy loins now like a man :  
 I will inquire of thee ; and inform thou me.  
 WILT THOU ANNUL MY RIGHT ?  
 WILT THOU CONDEMN ME, THAT THY RECORD MAY  
 SEEM PERFECT ? <sup>(67)</sup>

Hast thou an arm like God's ?  
 Or canst thou thunder with a voice like his ?



Deck thyself with majesty and excellency ;  
 Array thyself in splendor and beauty ;  
 Cast abroad the floods of thy wrath ;  
 Look on every thing that is high, and bring it low ;  
 Tread down the wicked into their place ;  
 Confound all the wicked in the dust together ;  
 Cover their faces in darkness :  
 Then will I also praise thee ;  
 Then will I also confess that thine own right hand can  
 save thee ! <sup>(68)</sup>

## 42 *THEN Job answered Jehovah, and said, —*

I know that thou canst do every thing,  
 And that no project is too hard for thee.

*Who is this that darkeneth counsel  
 With words without knowledge ? \**

I have uttered what I understood not ;  
 Things too hard for me, that I knew not.

*Hear now, and I will speak ;  
 I will inquire, and answer thou me. \**

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\* The words of the Almighty are ringing in Job's ears, and he repeats them involuntarily.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear ;  
 But now mine eye seeth thee :  
 Therefore I abhor what I have said,  
 And I repent in dust and ashes.<sup>(69)</sup>

And it was so, that, after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends ; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt-offering ; and my servant Job shall pray for you ; for him will I accept : lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right,<sup>(70)</sup> like my servant Job. So Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, went, and did according as the Lord commanded them : the Lord also accepted Job.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends ; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house ; and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the Lord had

brought upon him : every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold.

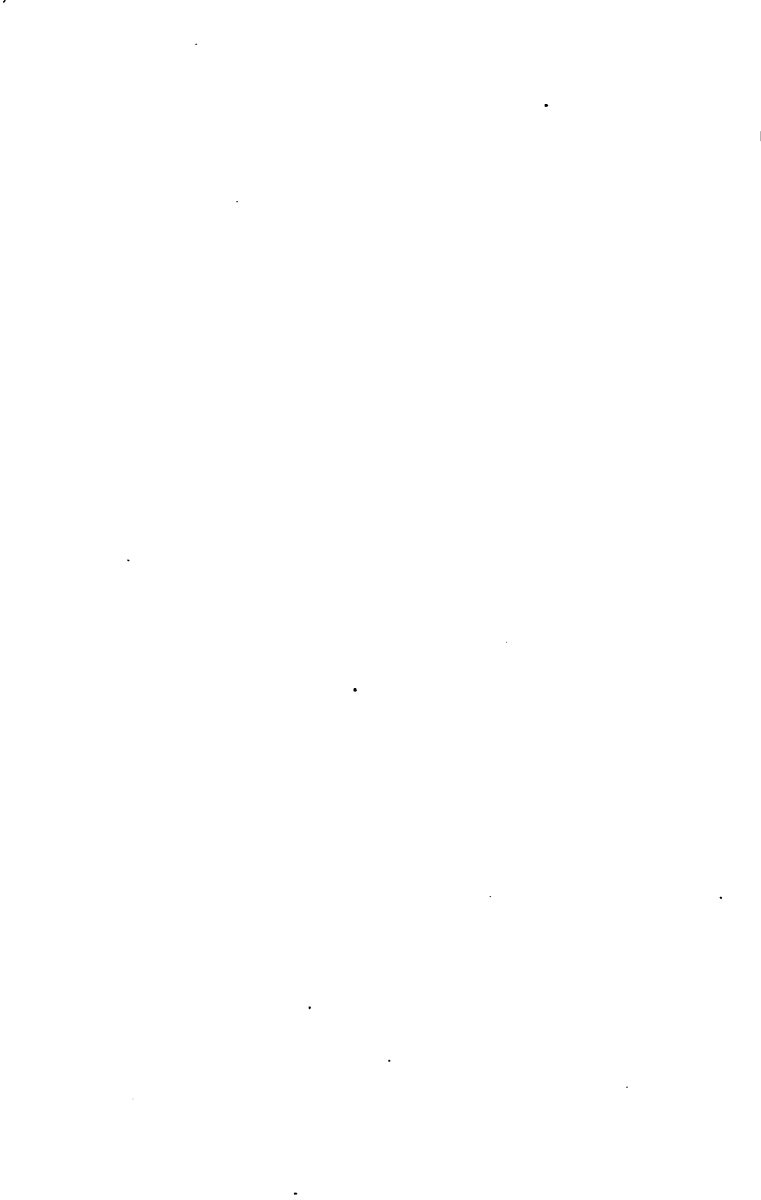
So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning ; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses.

He had also seven sons, and three daughters. And he called the name of the first, Jemima ; and the name of the second, Kezia ; and the name of the third, Kerenhappuch. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job ; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.

After this lived Job a hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, — even four generations.

So Job died, being old and full of days.

## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1. — Page 14.

Lo! let that night be utterly barren,  
And let the rejoicing of that which beginneth to exist find no place  
therein.

Hebrew poetry abounds in imagery drawn from the Semitic theory of the production of the universe out of original Night, or *nothing*. The prophets illustrate the rise and fall of empires by circumstances connected with the birth and dissolution of the universe; the birth being regarded as coincident with the triumph of light over darkness, and the dissolution with that of darkness over light. Our poet uses the same materials, and with a more consummate art, to illustrate the beginning and the ending of individual human life.

The Hebrews (and the Egyptians also) regarded the original nothing as *real*, and held darkness to be something which, when condensed, may be felt with the fingers. — See Exod. x. 21.

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### NOTE 2. — Page 14.

Let the stars of the dawning thereof be blotted out;  
Let it travail in birth with light, and let it not be delivered;  
Let it never see the eyelids of the morning.

There being no easily accessible work on Hebrew rhetoric, the following passages are submitted as illustrations of the

manner in which the Hebrew writers make use of the theory of the creation as a source of poetic imagery : — .

The earth was without form, and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep : and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light ; and there was light. . . . And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. — GEN. i. 2, 3, 5.

I beheld the earth, and, lo ! it was without form, and void ;  
And the heavens, and they had no light.  
I beheld the mountains, and, lo ! they trembled ;  
And all the hills moved lightly.  
I beheld, and, lo ! there was no man ;  
And all the birds of heaven were fled.  
I beheld, and, lo ! the fruitful place was a wilderness ;  
And all the cities thereof were broken down  
At the presence of the Lord,  
And before his fierce displeasure. — JER. iv. 23-26.

All the host of heaven shall be dissolved,  
And the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll ;  
And all their host shall fall down  
As the leaf falleth from the vine,  
And as a falling fig from the fig-tree.  
For my sword shall be bathed in heaven :  
Behold, it shall come down upon Idumæa ! . . .  
And I will stretch out upon it the line of confusion  
And the plummet of emptiness ! — ISA. xxxiv. 4-11.

When I shall put thee [the Pharaonic dynasty] out,  
I will cover the heavens, and make the stars thereof dark ;  
I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give  
her light :

All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee,  
And set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God.

EZEK. xxxii. 7, 8.

NOTE 3. — Page 15.

Why, when I was coming forth, were there knees ready to catch me?

And why, after that, were there breasts that I might suck?

Cursed be the day wherein I was born :  
Let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed.  
Cursed be the man who brought tidings to my father,  
Saying, A man-child is born unto thee ;  
Making him very glad.  
Let that man be as the cities  
Which the Lord overthrew, and repented not ;  
And let him hear the cry in the morning,  
And the shouting at noontide,  
Because he slew me not from the womb ;  
Or that my mother might have been my grave,  
Or her womb to be always great with me.  
Wherefore came I forth out of the womb  
To see labor and sorrow,  
That my days should be consumed with shame ?

JER. xx. 14-18.

Regarded as mere poetry, these verses are, some of them, beneath contempt ; but they may, perhaps, prove of use in fixing a date for the Book of Job. Either our author copied from Jeremiah, or Jeremiah copied from our author, or (which is very probable) both our author and Jeremiah copied from some more ancient writer ; for the resemblance of this passage to the passage in the text is too great to be the result of acci-



dent. But what right had the prophet to say, "Cursed be the man that brought the tidings to my father," &c. ? The messenger was innocent both in motive and action. The prophet's wish, that the womb of his mother might have been always great with him, is simply abominable. Of what crime had his mother been guilty, that she should have been visited with such a calamity ? It is not our purpose to deny that Jeremiah was a true prophet ; but we affirm, in view of the style of this passage, that "Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, chief governor in the house of the Lord," was partially justifiable when he "smote Jeremiah the prophet, and put him in the stocks." No man has a right to go about scattering curses after the manner that Jeremiah affects.

No prophet who is duly considerate, and who exercises a proper control over his tongue, is ever reduced to the necessity of exclaiming with Jeremiah, —

O Lord ! thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived :  
Thou art stronger than I am, and hast prevailed.  
I am in derision daily : every one mocketh me. — JER. xx. 7.

Jeremiah ought to have known that "the spirits of the prophets are subject unto the prophets," and should have attributed his misfortunes to his own want of tact.

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NOTE 4. — Page 16.

It is the thing that I feared that hath overtaken me,  
And the thing which I greatly dreaded hath befallen me !

Job, it appears, had not been at all confident that his prosperity would be commensurate with his uprightness : it appears also, from the condescension of the Supreme to the

accusing angel (mentioned in the introduction to the poem), that the misgivings of Job were not altogether without adequate grounds.

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NOTE 5. — Page 17.

I have seen them that choose iniquity for their field,  
And plough it, and sow mischief in it,  
And reap from it what they sow.

There is nothing in the record to justify the insinuation of Eliphaz, that Job ploughed iniquity, sowed mischief in it, and reaped what he sowed. The case of Job was abnormal. We are told, in the Introduction to the poem, that he suffered, not on account of actual or imputed guilt, but solely in order to the determination, by way of experiment, of a disputed question of fact. The remarks of Eliphaz are therefore foreign to the point.

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NOTE 6. — Page 17.

God silenceth the roaring of the swarthy lion,  
And he breaketh the teeth of the fierce lions :  
The old lion perisheth for lack of prey,  
And the lioness's whelps are scattered abroad.

Lions, as poetic symbols, denote tyrants and rapacious men.

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NOTE 7. — Page 18.

Shall mortal man be more just than God ?  
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker ?

This is an issue raised gratuitously by Eliphaz, and one that has no bearing on the subject-matter of the poem.

The sentimental piety of Eliphaz is founded on nothing: it is utterly false and hollow, and Job will find no difficulty in showing it to be so.

Subjectively, in view of his purpose in making it, and in view of the appearances he wishes to keep up, this speech of Eliphaz is perfect. But objectively, and as far as mere truth is concerned, Eliphaz talks at random. He proceeds, without any facts to go upon, to insinuate that Job is a crafty man, who has caught himself in his own trap; and then, without any warrant, he makes to Job, as though by commission from the Almighty, promises of consolation which Job knows to be unauthorized.

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NOTE 8. — Page 18.

The cords of their tents are cut away.

Here the bodies of men are compared to tents, and the souls that animate them are compared to the cords by which tents are sustained.

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NOTE 9. — Page 18.

His children are ruined;  
They crush each other in the gate.

They ruin each other by family lawsuits. "The gate" is, in the East, the place where the courts of justice hold their sessions.

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NOTE 10. — Page 18.

By order of the judge, hungry men gather their harvest,  
Breaking the hedge to get possession of it.

Eliphaz appears to be quoting from some ancient scriptures, of which we have no other record.

## NOTE 11. — Page 22.

I know that I have been true to the commands of the Holy One.

In order to do justice to Job, and not be repelled by the vehemence, or rather violence, with which he asserts his own innocence, the reader must bear in mind the statement in the Introduction to the poem, that the Omniscient had vindicated Job beforehand; saying to Satan, "*Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man?*" &c.

Never will Job admit that his comforters are in the right:  
To his last breath will he assert his integrity.

*His conscience reproacheth him for no act of his life!*

It will become evident, a few lines farther on, that Job is reflecting in his own mind, with great anxiety, on the hardships that will await his wife and his personal dependants in the event of his death; also that he is confident his three "friends" are taking an estimate of the remnant of his property, and working out a plan for dividing it among themselves.

We are told, in the Introduction to the poem, that Job's sons lived in *houses*, and that the house of the eldest son only was blown down by the wind from the wilderness. In his concluding speech, Job will refer, with evident satisfaction, to his *landed property*. The "comforters" throughout the poem are never weary of alluding to Job's treasures of *gold* and *silver*. We may conclude, therefore, that the amount of property at stake was considerable. Satan understood his business: if (when he caused the oxen, the she-asses, and the camels to be driven away, and the sheep and many of the servants to be burned up by the fire which fell from heaven) he had made a clean thing of it, and had left Job perfectly desti-

tute, Satan would not have been able to count on active assistance from the three "men of great moral ideas" that play so prominent a part in the poem.

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NOTE 12. — Page 25.

He that goeth down into the grave returneth from it no more :  
 He goeth not back into his house ;  
 For, from that time forward, his place shall never know him.

When I thought my days were about to be cut off, I said,  
 I am going to the gates of the grave ;  
 I am deprived of the residue of my years.  
 I said also, I shall be cut off from the knowledge of the Lord ;  
 I shall never praise him more in the land of the living :  
 Never again shall I behold man,  
 Or any of the inhabitants of the world. . . .  
 Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter :  
 I mourned like a dove. . . . I said,  
 The grave cannot praise Thee ;  
 Death cannot celebrate Thee ;  
 They that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth !  
 It is the living, — the living, — and they only, that praise Thee,  
 Even as I do in this day of my deliverance.

FROM KING HEZEKIAH'S SONG OF THANKS-  
 GIVING. — *Isa.* xxxviii. 10-19.

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NOTE 13. — Page 25.

Then ye tell me dreams to frighten me,  
 And ye scare me with visions.

Referring to the passage in the speech of Eliphaz : —

"A spirit passed before my face :  
 The hair of my head stood up.  
 There was a semblance of something before mine eyes :  
 It stood still ;" &c.

Job is speaking ironically. He was not at all frightened by the inventions of Eliphaz. The fact that his comforters keep their eyes on him all the time, so that he cannot get a single moment to make arrangements, in private, to protect the interest of his natural heirs, is the thing that really rouses his indignation ; but Job does not deem it prudent to say so.

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NOTE 14. — Page 27.

May it not be that thy children sinned,  
 And that they received the just reward for their transgressions ?

The supposition that Job's children may have been destroyed in punishment for their own sins is much more tolerable than the theory of Eliphaz, that they perished in consequence of the transgressions of Job. Job had always been apprehensive that his children might sin, and meet with sudden punishment. We are told, in the Introduction to the poem, that Job offered, once every week, burnt-offerings according to the number of all his children ; saying, "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts."

Bildad's narrowness of intellect, his moral cowardice, and his blind respect for authority, prevent him from appreciating the drift of Job's discourses : he sees nothing in all Job says but a storm of words, and an unseemly display of irritation and excitement. Perhaps Bildad meant right. Perhaps Eliphaz and Zophar simply used him (without taking him into their confidence) as a mere tool. Bildad's gray hairs lend respectability to Eliphaz and Zophar. In his second speech,

Eliphaz (who is obviously an encroaching *parvenu*) seeks shelter under the *prestige* of Bildad's acknowledged standing. It will be noticed that Job, in his reply to this first speech of Bildad, commences by saying, "Of a truth, I know that it is so!" Job treats Bildad, not with respect, but with marked kindness.

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NOTE 15. — Page 27.

If thou wouldest lead, inwardly and onwardly, an upright life,  
Surely even now He would arise for thee,  
And prosperity would return to thy habitation.

If the wicked will turn from the sins that he hath committed,  
And keep my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right,  
He shall surely live: he shall not die.  
As for the transgressions he hath committed,  
They shall never be mentioned unto him:  
In the righteousness that he hath done, he shall live.  
Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die,  
Saith the Lord God,  
And not that he should return from his ways, and live?  
EZEK. xviii. 21-23.

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NOTE 16. — Page 30.

I look at it as a question of strength; and He answereth, Here I am!  
And as a question of right; and He saith, Before what tribunal wilt thou summon me?

What is right? It is that which is conformed to the nature of things. What is the nature of a thing? It is the law of its existence and development. Whence comes this law? It was established, according to his good pleasure, by

the Almighty. Has God any nature? No: for he is the Author of Nature, and of all natures; and, if he should have a nature, it would follow that there is a God anterior to God to establish God's nature. The nature of God is God. Has God any revealed attributes? Yes: and the sum of those attributes is that wisdom of God which is revealed in Nature; and man's wisdom consists, therefore, in a knowledge of Nature. Upon what do those revealed attributes depend? Not upon any nature that can be ascribed to God, but solely on his sovereign good pleasure. Has God any essential attributes? No; for, if he had any, he would have a nature. Can it be said that God in his essence, apart from all nature, is either just or unjust, good or wicked? No; for the Creator is, as such, contradistinguished from the creature, which is the arbitrary work of his hand: and God created justice and injustice when he determined the nature of the universe, and he created good and evil when he created angels and men capable of being good or evil. Justice and injustice, and good and evil, belong to created things, and can never be predicated of God; for they inhere in that which he has made, and are foreign to himself. God is amenable to no law, since he is the Author of all laws: *he can, therefore, never be put on trial.*

Behold! God is alone;  
 And beside him there is not another.  
 By his power was man made,  
 And by his hand is man sustained;  
 Yea, by the inspiration of God's Spirit, man hath life.

God is not good, as men count goodness;  
 Neither is he just, as men count justice: -  
 For he created goodness when he created angels and men,  
 And he created justice when he established the relations of  
 things.



## NOTE 17. — Page 31.

The earth is given over into the hands of scoundrels :  
 God covereth the face of the judges thereof ;  
 Or, if it be not he, who, then, is it ?

Here Job turns the argument against his accusers, stating a difficulty, which, from their point of view, is fatal and final ; but, from his own point of view, it is no difficulty at all.

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## NOTE 18. — Page 32.

Are Thy days as man's days,  
 And Thy years as the years of man ?

Eternity is not measurable by days and years. The Supreme dwells in an unbeginning and unending *now*. *Before* and *after* are words that relate to events that transpire in the created universe. God, therefore, neither predetermines any thing, nor repents of any thing ; for he foreknows nothing, since all things and all events are eternally present to him : and, for the same reason, he remembers nothing, and forgets nothing. God's sovereignty, because it is exercised in eternity, is exclusive of all predetermination.

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## NOTE 19. — Page 33.

Wilt Thou stultify Thyself by defeating Thine own work ?  
 — Or was it *this* that Thou didst hide for me in Thy heart ?  
 Was *this* Thy purpose from the beginning ?

Job's argument, which is bitterly ironical, parodies the theories of his opponents.

## NOTE 20. — Page 34.

Oh that He might open his lips against thee!

This is not a charitable wish. We are told, in the Introduction to the poem, that the Omniscient opened his lips *for* Job: "The Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?"

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## NOTE 21. — Page 34.

Folded upon itself, fold over fold, is His counsel.

Zophar appears to be fully confident that he knows all about it.

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## NOTE 22. — Page 35.

Know that thine affliction is light,  
And that God exacteth less from thee than thine iniquity deserveth!

Zophar says this without having a single fact to go upon: the record states the exact contrary.

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## NOTE 23. — Page 40.

Come what may, I will take my flesh in my teeth,  
And I will carry my life in my hand.  
Lo! He slayeth me, even while I trust in Him!

Job is carried away by the irritation resulting from his disease, and by the exasperation consequent upon the annoying and unjust pertinacity of his comforters. He knows that he

is losing his temper, and that he is on the point of saying something he may perhaps be sorry for.

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NOTE 24. — Page 40.

Yet will I maintain mine own way before Him.  
He shall also deliver me;  
For no hypocrite can stand in His presence.

Job knew himself to be a perfect and an upright man; he knew also that his sufferings were outside of all rule, and altogether without precedent. He was, therefore, confident that the Most High would intervene, sooner or later, in his favor, and to the confusion of his three comforters. Job's confidence was not misplaced. The Almighty answers him, in the end, out of the whirlwind. We are told, in the prose conclusion to the poem, that "the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt-offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept: lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job." The words, "my servant Job," which occur four times in this short speech, are more than an adequate compensation to Job for all his sufferings.

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NOTE 25. — Page 41.

Then accuse Thou me, and I will answer;  
Or I will accuse Thee, and Thou shalt answer!

If our author had published his book in the time of King Josiah, he would probably have been put in ward in the king's

court; if he had published it in the times of Ezra and Nehemiah, or subsequently to those times, he might perhaps have been torn in pieces by the people as a blasphemer. It is obvious that our author wrote at a period when the largest liberty of speech was tolerated. Reflecting upon the fact that no mention is made in the Book of Job of any one of the details of the Mosaic ritual, and upon the fact that Job was his own priest, also upon the fact that the later prophets talk, not as Job talks, but after the manner of his comforters, it becomes difficult to assign any date for the composition of our poem posterior to the reforms instituted by King Josiah, and described in the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth chapters of the Second Book of Chronicles.

Be that as it may, the language of Job, as given in the text, is reprehensible. Job knows that the Almighty cannot be put on trial, and yet forgets what he knows, and summons the Most High to defend himself! The Almighty, when he answers from the whirlwind, will reprove Job for this speech; and yet Job will not be held to any very strict accountability for his words. In his heart, Job did not mean what he said. Either he was talking ironically, for the purpose of confounding his comforters, or it was to the irritation caused by disease and contradiction, and not to himself, that the objectionable words should be ascribed.

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NOTE 26.—Page 43.

How joyfully would I answer Thy voice when the change should come!

The author shows throughout the book a remarkable familiarity with Egyptian ideas and customs. In this place, an Egyptian theory of the sleep of the dead, and of their ultimate resurrection, is philosophically stated, and more or less successfully refuted.

## NOTE 27. — Page 44.

With us are aged and gray-headed men,  
Older by many years than thy father.

This is an appeal to the prejudices of the bystanders, and a reference, it is supposed, to Bildad, who seems to have been a man of acknowledged respectability. We are told that Job lived, after he recovered from his sickness, "a hundred and forty years." This number is probably symbolical. According to the numerical philosophy of the ancients, 3 is the number of the *divine action which creates*, and 4 is the number of that which is created, or of *nature*. The universe, as it was comprehended by the ancients, bore the number 4 stamped everywhere upon its face. There were 4 elements, 4 cardinal points, and 4 seasons. The river that watered the Garden of Eden (or the perfect earth) was divided into 4 heads. John says of the New Jerusalem, which he saw coming down from God out of heaven, "The city lieth four-square; the length is as large as the breadth; the length and breadth and height of it are equal;" &c. In the Egyptian pyramid, the *divine* number is placed over and above the *natural* number; for the sides of it are triangles, and its base is a perfect square. The number 4 was the sign of the *kosmos*, the type of order, of realized perfection, and of every thing that is ruled by laws. We conclude, therefore, that Job's life, which was not finished until it was perfect and rounded, was comprised in 4 equal parts, of which one was ended at the time of his affliction, the other three going to make up the 140 years mentioned in the conclusion to the poem. Dividing 140 years by 3, we obtain 46 years and 8 months for the age of Job at the time of his affliction: Job was, consequently, 186 years and 8 months old when he died. The reader will find a complete exemplification of the ancient

numerical philosophy, as applied to the ages of symbolical men, in the first ten chapters of the Book of Genesis.

The indications in the body of the poem point to the same result. If Bildad was more than eighty years old at the time Eliphaz made the allusion to him, he would have been more than thirty-three years older than Job, and might therefore have been, as Eliphaz affirms, "many years older than Job's father." Job does not claim the respect that is due to gray hairs, but, on the contrary, maintains his right to express his own views in opposition to the opinions of aged men. He says, —

Are old men always wise?  
And doth understanding always accompany length of days?

He talks, not like an old man, but like one who has been arrested by sickness in the full vigor of his activity. He says, —

My days are at an end:  
All the projects that my heart treasured are suddenly broken off.

In the opinion of the editor, Eliphaz was a very ambitious, capable, and prosperous man, of about thirty years of age; Job was about forty-six years old; Zophar was between fifty-five and sixty; and Bildad was over eighty. The brains of the confederacy against Job were furnished by Eliphaz; the respectability was contributed by Bildad; and the malignant intolerance, by Zophar. Eliphaz was a designing knave; but there appears to be no reason to question the mere sincerity of Zophar and Bildad. Zophar was the worst man of the three, inasmuch as he consciously justified his villany in his own heart. Bildad was *besotted* with "conservatism."

## NOTE 28. — Page 46.

These are the teachings of a race that dwelt always apart,  
And with whom no stranger was ever allied by marriage.

That is to say, —

Of a race that hath kept its blood pure;  
With whom decorum hath become conventional;  
And propriety of conduct, a matter of habit;  
And wisdom, a family tradition.

Eliphaz exposes his weak place, and Job in his closing speech will smite him a stinging blow. The Shemites are aristocratic, but not precisely in the way here indicated. Eliphaz must have had Aryan (Indo-Germanic) blood in his veins.

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## NOTE 29. — Page 50.

He that in his heart betrayeth his friend  
Is blind from that moment to the light of Thy truth.

Eliphaz and his two friends will wait in vain for the death of Job: they will inherit neither his property nor his influence. Job will recover, and there will be born to him children competent to defend their own rights. It may be taken for granted, that some of his talent descended to his sons; and it is expressly written of his daughters, — their names were Little-Pigeon, Cinnamon, and Paint-Cup, — not only that they were the handsomest women of the whole district of country in which they lived, but also that "Job gave them inheritance among their brethren;" thus showing his confidence in their capacity for business.

## NOTE 30. — Page 54.

Have pity on me, have pity on me, O my friends !  
For it is the hand of God that smiteth me.

Job makes a final attempt to soften the hearts of his comforters ; but he might as well have spoken to the wind.

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## NOTE 31. — Page 55.

Meanwhile, be ye afraid of the sword !  
For malice is a crime that calleth for the sword.  
Ye shall be taught that there is a judgment !

The confidence of Job that his "Vindicator" would appear to deliver him, — that, "before he went down into the grave," he should, "in his flesh" and with his "eyes," see his Maker, — was, if we may believe the poem, fully justified. The Almighty answered Job out of the whirlwind, and the three comforters "hid their heads in confusion." Job says at the end of the poem, "Now mine eye seeth Thee."

This whole passage is rendered in King James's version as follows : —

Oh that my words were now written !  
Oh that they were printed in a book !  
That they were graven with an iron pen  
And lead in the rock for ever !  
For I know *that* my Redeemer liveth,  
And *that* he shall stand at the latter *day* upon the earth ;  
And *though*, after my skin, *worms* destroy this *body*,  
Yet in my flesh shall I see God ;  
Whom I shall see for myself,  
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another,  
*Though* my reins be consumed within me.



But ye should say, Why persecute we him,  
 Seeing the root of the matter is found in me?  
 Be ye afraid of the sword;  
 For wrath *bringeth* the punishments of the sword,  
 That ye may know *there is* a judgment.

Chap. xix. 23-29.

The Italics belong to the translators, who introduce them to indicate words not in the Hebrew, but required to complete the meaning. The passage, with the Italics, is therefore an "interpretation" of the Hebrew text.

Among the many reasons which show this passage to have no reference to the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the day of judgment, the following may be adduced: 1. If the doctrine of immortality is taught in this passage, then the passage is inconsistent with the rest of the book; for all the other allusions in the poem to the doctrine of immortality consist of steady and persistent denials of its truth. 2. The hope of a future life is not urged as a topic of consolation by either of the three comforters; and, in the speech of the Almighty, no allusion is made to it. 3. The Jewish commentators (who search the Scriptures diligently for texts in confirmation of the theory of immortality) do not regard this passage as supporting it. 4. Competent Hebrew scholars affirm that it is only by a mistranslation of words, and by a misapplication of expressions, that this passage can be made to allude to the doctrine of a future life.

It may not be out of place to remark, that the question stated in this note is, not whether the doctrine of immortality be true, or the contrary, but whether it is or is not taught in the Book of Job.

## NOTE 32. — Page 55.

The spirit of my understanding presenteth me with a reply.

The Shemites regarded reason as impersonal, and their intuitions as communications from the Spirit of the Almighty.

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## NOTE 33. — Page 56.

His children shall seek to appease them that have been spoiled;  
Yea, his own children shall refuse to inherit from him.

Job saw very clearly, that, in the event of his death, his character would be blackened, and the influence of his name would be destroyed, to reconcile the people to the spoliation of his property. He was fully aware that the true matter of debate was the question of his widow's right of dower. The mental anxiety of Job affords a malignant triumph to Zophar, who sedulously rubs the thing in!

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## NOTE 34. — Page 58.

Wherefore do the wicked live,  
Grow old, yea, become mighty in power?

Job makes two strong points against his comforters. He has already shown that *the righteous sometimes suffer*, and he will show in this discourse that *the wicked sometimes triumph*.

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## NOTE 35. — Page 60.

They will tell you that the wicked are spared in the day of destruction,

And are hid away in their graves before the day of wrath cometh.

Why should the Almighty *not* hide the wicked man in his grave before the coming of the day of calamity? Are not the wicked, as well as the righteous, creatures of the Al-

mighty? Is it not right that the wicked should enjoy all the prosperity that is consistent with their natures, in accordance with the determinate wisdom of the Almighty? God sendeth his sunshine and rain, and also his calamities, upon the just and upon the unjust. But the wicked are not tried as Job was tried: they are worthy of nothing of the kind. Satan would probably have scorned to waste his time in covering either one of Job's comforters all over with boils.

Earthly rulers punish because their laws do not execute themselves. God's laws are Nature, and execute themselves. God creates all things, and all things subsist in the prolongation of his power. Men are not his subjects, but his creatures. How, then, can God's sovereignty be compared with that of an earthly ruler, who governs by acting on men's interests and fears? God holds the spirits of all flesh in his hand: he wills, and the thing is done. God's sovereignty is irresistible and determining, not a sovereignty of authority.

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NOTE 36. — Page 64.

I have not wandered from the commandment of His lips,  
And all the words of His mouth I have treasured up in my bosom.

Job's case was a peculiar one. "He was a perfect and an upright man, and there was none other like him in the earth." He was free from all sin, whether natural or actual; and none was "imputed" to him. His righteousness was actual, and not "imputed:" it was personal to himself.

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NOTE 37. — Page 67.

They are wonted to the terrors of midnight darkness;  
But the morning is to them as the shadow of death.

The author of the Book of Job seems to have regarded scoundrels as objects of scientific curiosity. He describes

their peculiar habits and ways with the care and accuracy that is displayed by naturalists when they are describing the ways and habits of ants or bees. His imagination dwells with predilection upon the effects of daybreak, as governing the movements of prowling and furtive knaves and ruffians. In the speech of the Almighty, at the end of the drama, the effect of dawn, in driving evil-doers to take refuge in their hiding-places, is declared to be as efficacious as would be the taking-up of the earth by the four corners like a blanket, and the shaking of the wicked out of it.

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NOTE 38. — Page 68.

How, then, can a man hold his own before God,  
Or he that is born of woman be accounted clean?

We cannot refrain from pitying Bildad, who can neither give up his theory, nor yet answer Job. In the case before him, all the signs failed: no human understanding was competent to bring daylight into it. Bildad finds it hard to maintain his part in the discussion, and has recourse to commonplace eloquence.

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NOTE 39. — Page 68.

How much less a man, which is a worm;  
And the son of a man, which is also a worm!

Bildad has no right to calumniate the creatures of God. The stars and the moon do not disappoint their Creator; and, in point of mere fact, a man is not a worm. Bildad may very well be satisfied with what his Maker has seen fit to call into being. He has no right to demand, in any created thing, a perfection other than the particular perfection of its kind.

## NOTE 40. — Page 68.

To whom were thy words uttered?  
And whose spirit was it that came forth from thee?

After this ironical introduction, Job proceeds to notice Bildad's attempt at eloquence, and shows by example what an eloquent episode ought to be.

The Greeks were in the habit of tilting at each other with subtleties: every banquet was with them a tournament of metaphysics and poetry. In like manner, the Hebrews delighted to surpass each other, around their camp-fires, in magnificent bursts of eloquence.

In his reply to this speech, Zophar will outdo Job.

## NOTE 41. — Page 69.

Beneath the waters is their dwelling-place.

Referring, perhaps, to the people of Sodom and Gomorrah, whose cities were buried beneath the Dead Sea.

## NOTE 42. — Page 70.

Then answered Zophar the Naamathite the third time, and said.

This heading is left out of all the authorized versions; and the most virulent of Zophar's speeches is therefore thrown by them right into the middle of a speech of Job's. Thus Job is made to get down on his knees before his comforters, and to eat his own words. In the authorized versions, Eliphaz and Bildad speak three times, and are answered as often by Job; but Zophar is made to speak twice only: where is his third speech? The words and arguments that follow

this heading constitute Zophar's third speech, which comes in the precise place that is provided beforehand for it in the plan of the book. These words and arguments cannot with any propriety be ascribed to Job, since they maintain the doctrines which Zophar has maintained from the beginning, and expressly contradict all that Job has affirmed. It is in vain that Satan endeavors to cover his tracks by corrupting the text, and by dislocating the parts of the book: the plan of the poem exposes his tricks.

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NOTE 43. — Page 70.

Doth he think of God with delight while he is dying?  
Doth God answer his cry when he calleth aloud in agony?

Here Zophar taunts Job to his face with the fact that he is dying in evident despair, and without a sense of reconciliation with his Maker. Zophar appears to have had the heart of a hyena.

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NOTE 44. — Page 71.

Ye are all of you witnesses to the facts:  
Why, then, waste ye your breath in vain words?

In a town of Worcester County, in the State of Massachusetts, the wife of a respectable clergyman called to see a Universalist young lady who was in the last stages of consumption. The minister's wife said to the sick girl, among other things, "In three months from this time, your body will be under the sod, and your soul will be in hell!" Without doubt, Zophar and the minister's wife acted from what they would describe as "a sense of religious duty."

When a man adopts a moral theory, or joins a moral party, he will find, if he does not keep a very strict watch over himself, that his heart will soon become as hard as a brick towards all persons outside the pale of his instinctive sympathies.

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NOTE 45.—Page 71.

The just shall put it on,  
And the innocent shall divide the silver.

Zophar triumphs too soon. Job will recover; and Zophar will inherit none of his goods, and none of his influence.

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NOTE 46.—Page 72.

Men clap their hands when he is taken away,  
And hiss after him as he departeth from his place.

This whole speech, which is more in the nature of a funeral discourse than of a death-bed consolation, is utterly wasted. Job will recover: the history of his trials will be held up as a warning, not to the sinners, but to the saints! In the end, the spiritual adviser, and not the patient, will stand in need of consolation!

Job does not condescend to make any special answer to this speech. Malice cannot be answered.

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NOTE 47.—Page 73.

The fierce lion hath not left his tracks upon it.

The Canaanites kept their mining operations secret, and killed every stranger that wandered near their works, in or-

der to obviate the necessity of dividing their profits with the local chieftains and other personages who might see fit to put in a claim for "royalty."

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NOTE 48. — Page 73.

The deep saith, It is not in me!  
And the sea saith, It is not with me!

These lines are a denial of the functions and attributes of the Babylonian god, *Hoa*. *Hea*, or *Hoa* (from a root signifying *to live*), is the name of the "Lord of the Great Deep," which is not the sea, nor even space, but the Abyss of Potentiality. *Hoa* is also the "Lord of Life," and the "Lord of Understanding, Science, and Knowledge."

*Hoa* is similar in sound to *Ioa*, or *Jehovah*; but it must be remembered that *Jehovah* is not the unspeakable Hebrew name of the Almighty: the pronunciation of that name is lost!

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NOTE 49. — Page 74.

Destruction and Death say,  
We have barely heard the fame thereof with our ears!

This is another reference to *Hoa*. Zophar appears to be endeavoring to bring new elements into the discussion. Perhaps he thought he could get Job to entangle himself in his own words, and convict himself of heresy. There actually does appear to be a slight Babylonian tincture in the language and attitude of Job.



The alphabet, the elements of scientific grammar, the division of the zodiac into twelve signs, the regular measurement of the lapse of time, the duodecimal system of weights and measures, and the rudiments of science that have now become so familiar that we make use of them without attending to them, all came to us from the sanctuaries of Babylonia. Rawlinson says, "To Babylon, far more than to Egypt, we owe the art and learning of the Greeks. It was from the East, and not from Egypt, that Greece derived her architecture, her sculpture, her science, her philosophy, her mathematical knowledge; in a word, her intellectual life. Babylon is the source to which the entire stream of Eastern civilization may be traced. It is scarcely too much to say, that, but for Babylon, real civilization might not have dawned even yet upon the earth: mankind might never have advanced beyond that false and spurious form of it, which, in Egypt, India, China, Japan, Mexico, and Peru, contented the aspiration of the species."

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NOTE 50. — Page 76.

I searched out causes at the request of them that I knew not;  
 I broke the jaw-teeth of the wicked,  
 And plucked out the prey from between his jaws.

Job contrasts the spirit that actuated him in the days of his prosperity with the spirit which actuates his comforters. He is a just man repelling false accusations. There is no self-conceit in this speech; for Job speaks from the clear consciousness that he is, and has been all his life, "a perfect and an upright man." He states facts which his comforters cannot deny

## NOTE 51. — Page 78.

They come in upon me like a wide breach of waters,  
And they crawl along under cover of the ruins.

Eliphaz probably found these shafts to be well aimed, and to go straight to the mark. His insolence (see chap. xv.) is now adequately punished.

The poem would not have suffered, so far as dignity is concerned, if Job had seen fit to altogether omit this reference to the parentage of Eliphaz. The description of the early Aryan emigrants into Palestine, given in the twenty-fourth chapter of the book, would seem to suffice. But the author had political considerations in view, and he writes in this place precisely as he ought to have written. Eliphaz is Aryan, or a descendant from Japhet; Zophar is an Atlantean, or Hamite; and Bildad is a Shemite. In the portraiture of Eliphaz, our author has depicted the moral character that is natural to the Aryan races; and, in this last speech, Job describes the "audacity" which is the signalizing trait of the children of Japhet. Job knows that the Aryan races will try to drive the Shemites into the desert, and reduce the Atlanteans to slavery, by the mere force of preponderance in numbers. Where a Shemitic or Atlantean woman bears one child, an Aryan woman will bear six: "God enlarges Japhet." Job knows also that the Aryan vagabonds in his neighborhood are sustained by the Medes of Upper Assyria, and that they will by and by be protected by the sabre of Aryan Persia.

## NOTE 52. — Page 80.

Then let my wife be the slave of another man,  
And let other men enjoy her embraces!

Job had no right to wish, even hypothetically, that his wife might become a slave. The curse he was calling upon

himself, in the event of his guilt, was so overpowering to his imagination, that he forgot he was including his wife in it. Job has himself said, in another place, —

Let the wicked man for himself,  
And not another for him,  
Drink of the wrath of the Almighty.

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NOTE 53. — Page 80.

— Lo! that is wickedness;  
Yea, an iniquity to be punished by the judges!  
— Lo! that is a destruction that consumeth like fire;  
And, were I guilty, it would root out all mine increase!

When an Egyptian died, and was taken from his house for burial, forty-two judges were summoned, and placed in a semicircle near the banks of the sacred lake of the administrative district in which the deceased had been a resident. As soon as the boat provided for the occasion was ready for the reception of the coffin, it was lawful for any person to bring forward accusations against the deceased. The forty-two judges tried the charges; and, if they found the deceased guilty of having lived a wicked life, the body was refused admission into the boat, and was deprived of the customary burial; but, if the accuser failed to establish what he had advanced, he became liable to very heavy penalties. All Egyptians were subjected at their death to this ordeal, the kings not excepted.

The Hebrews also sometimes refused burial-rites to their princes. Joash was not "buried in the sepulchres of the kings." It is written of Manasseh, "that his people made no burning for him like the burnings for his fathers: howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but *not* in the sepulchres of the kings." Samuel seems to have demanded, while he was

yet alive, to be tried by the people as though he were already dead. He says, when he resigns his office, "I am old and gray-headed. Behold, here I am! witness against me before the Lord. Whose ox have I taken? whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?" And the people answered him, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us; neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand."

In the opinion of the editor, "the judges" referred to in the text are the person or persons who would decide, after Job's death, upon his title to an honorable burial. It is supposed that the tribunal had the power, in case the deceased was proved to have been guilty of certain enumerated crimes, to issue a decree declaring a forfeiture of his property. Job is supposed to refer to this power of the tribunal when he says, "Were I guilty, it would root out all mine increase." It is supposed that the tribunal always declared a forfeiture of property in cases where the deceased was proved to have acquired his wealth by fraud or extortion, or where he was proved to have been an idolater, that is to say, a *traitor*; since Jehovah was *King* of the Hebrews. Job will defend himself with great energy against the charge of having been a tyrant and oppressor or a swindler, and also against the charge of entertaining heretical sentiments.

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NOTE 54. — Page 81.

If I have said to hoarded fine gold, Thou art my trust!  
 If I became confident when my wealth increased,  
 And because mine hand had gotten much.

Eliphaz has counselled Job to throw his gold into the brook, and his silver to the stones of the brook, and to put his trust in the Almighty.

## NOTE 55. — Page 82.

This also would have been a crime to be punished by the judge.

The three comforters assume, from the beginning, that Job is a tyrant and an oppressor, and that his wealth was acquired by extortion. They obstinately refuse to put a charitable construction upon any of his actions. His condemnation is with them a foregone conclusion. Zophar is more malignant than his confederates, and artfully brings foreign ideas into the discussion, apparently with a design to entangle Job in his own words, and to get from him, before witnesses, an expression of heretical sentiments. Job refuses to walk into the trap laid for him. Whatever Job's secret sentiments may have been, he could not afford, in the interest of his wife (who was soon to be a widow) and in that of his brothers and sisters, to allow himself to be misrepresented on this issue. Job may have entertained sentiments not sanctioned by the popular opinion; but he was certainly no idolater, no traitor to the Almighty. No ordinary jury would be competent to sit in judgment on the matter of Job's religious sentiments!

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 NOTE 56. — Page 82.

I should have denied the God that is above.

Or, —

I should have paid homage to Sansi and to Hurki,  
And have denied the God that is above.

Zophar does not have the satisfaction of convicting Job, before witnesses, of the crime of advocating heretical sentiments.

## NOTE 57. — Page 82.

So that I held my peace, and went not forth at the door.

Job's irritation gets the better of him: the refutation in detail of the whole catalogue of offences charged against him begins to fatigue him.

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## NOTE 58. — Page 83.

I would recount to Him all my steps,  
And as a prince would I stand before Him.

It is plain that no mere man ever lived on the earth who would be justified in saying what Job says in this speech.

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## NOTE 59. — Page 83.

So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes.

Who were these three men, — Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar? Some have supposed them to stand for Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem, the three great opponents of the patriotic Nehemiah. In this view, the book would be a figurative history of the Jewish nation. Others regard the book as a figurative history, not so much of the Jewish nation as of the Jewish church, and tell us that the three comforters denote various classes of prophets, and that Job's wife is a symbol of the idolatrous women whom the Jews had married in disregard of the law of Moses. Since various theories have been formed and advocated respecting the motive and object of

our author in writing his poem, it is supposed that the present editor has a right to set forward a theory of his own in explanation of the same matters. The poet wrote (in the opinion of the present editor) for the purpose of holding up a looking-glass to the saints and the reverend clergy of the times in which he lived. In that glass, the priests of the banks of the Euphrates, of Palestine, and of Egypt, could see themselves as they were. Nothing is so alarming to a man as himself. It is fortunate for our peace of mind that the great majority of us see ourselves but rarely; perhaps once or twice only in a life-time. If we look at ourselves in a mirror, we put on a face for the occasion; if we see ourselves in consciousness, we see what we like to imagine, not what we really are. When, however (and fortunately the thing occurs rarely), we suddenly catch a glimpse of ourselves in our true form, —

It is as though a man did flee from a lion,  
And a bear met him;  
Or as though he went into his house and leaned against the  
wall,  
And a serpent bit him!

King David was a shining example of the synthesis of piety, and that which is other than piety. In his light, Job's comforters, all three of them, wane pale. It would be, perhaps, improper to adduce modern instances. The Book of Job tears away the mask from piety that deludes itself. It attacks, not the sinners, but the saints, grieving their righteous souls!

The heart is deceitful above all things,  
And desperately wicked: who can know it?

In the opinion of the editor, Zophar represents the bigoted, uncharitable, overbearing, but high-toned morality of Egypt; not the religion of Egypt in its intellectual form, nor the mere superstitions of the people, but the actual, practical religion of the Valley of the Nile in its influence on men's characters and on the conduct of their daily lives. In short, Zophar is the advocate of the morality of Egypt as it is set forth in "The Book of the Dead."

Eliphaz is the advocate and representative of the ambitious, self-seeking, double-motived morality of Assyrian Babylon. Job shows Eliphaz to be a *parvenu*, with all the elements of falsity that naturally become inherent in the character of an intriguing *parvenu*. The prophet Isaiah says, —

Behold the land of the Chaldeans !

This people was not.

The Assyrians founded it for the inhabitants of the desert :

They raised the watch-towers,

They set up the palaces thereof.

Isaiah is supposed to refer in this place to the *then modern* Chaldea, of which Eliphaz is a poetic symbol. As for the *ancient* Chaldea, it was peopled by dark-brown Ethiopians, cousins of the Cushites of the Nile : it was an Hamitic empire, and its morality is represented by neither of the three comforters.

Bildad represents the orthodox tradition of Shemitic morality as it appeared in the Book of Genesis, and as it now appears in the religion of Islam. Bildad is governed by events, and is afraid of Eliphaz. He would have been on Job's side if it had only been in his nature to dare ! Job therefore treats him with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous kindness. Job's sentiments towards Bildad are in strong



contrast with the unqualified scorn that he pours out upon Eliphaz, and with the instinctive aversion he manifests towards Zophar and every thing that Zophar says.

There is, therefore, in the poem of Job, a general synod of the temples of Egypt, the temples of Assyria, and the temple of Jerusalem, sitting in the desert, and debating with monumental voices the problem of "the ways of God;" while far away, hidden in the outskirts, but listening appreciatively with their ears of gold, of marble, or of granite, and treasuring up every word in their bosoms of metal or of stone, stand as audience the cherubim of Mount Zion, the man-headed bulls and lions of Nineveh, and the eternal sphinxes of the Valley of the Nile. All that is said comes forth like hewn blocks, and is so uttered as to stand forever.

At the time our author was writing, Jerusalem was already sick and afflicted: "from the sole of her foot to the crown of her head, there was no soundness in her." Chaldea, Assyria, Egypt, and the kingdoms to the north and east of Israel, "were encamped round about her," waiting for her final crisis, and eager to clutch the spoils.

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NOTE 60.—Page 83.

So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. [Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now, Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite answered, and said,—

I am young, and ye are very old; &c.]

KING JAMES'S VERSION, xxxii. 1-6.

The speech of Elihu, which is omitted in the text, is a separate poem, and is as superior to the Book of Job in philosophical instruction as it is inferior to it in poetical execution. Many critics suppose the discourse of Elihu to have been written by the author of Job, in his old age, to answer some of the questions started in our poem. If so, it must be confessed that the attempt is wonderfully successful. The book should be placed in an appendix by itself, with the title, "What Elihu might have said if he had been present at the Conference between Job and his three Comforters." The Book of Job is essentially negative: it refutes every thing, and establishes nothing, except the bare fact of God's determining sovereignty, which is, indeed, assumed by Job from the beginning, and which the comforters do not dare to deny. The speech of Elihu is, on the contrary, affirmative, and indicative of positive solutions.

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NOTE 61. — Page 83.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel  
By words without knowledge?

That is to say, without knowledge of the particular fact in point, which is the express permission accorded to Satan to try Job.

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NOTE 62. — Page 83.

I will question thee, and will obtain information from thee.

Job has been all along requesting this interview. He said (chap. xiii.), —

Accuse Thou me, and I will answer;  
Or I will accuse Thee, and Thou shalt answer!

## NOTE 63. — Page 84.

Who laid the corner-stone thereof,  
When the morning-stars sang together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

The words "corner-stone" are supposed to signify, not the foundation-stone, but the cap-stone. The creation of the earth is illustrated by circumstances related to the building of a pyramid. The foundations of the earth are here represented as fixed; although in another place it has been said, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." The Almighty is also here represented as stretching his line upon the earth. The parts of the pyramids were symbolical of the proportions of the earth and the heavens. These edifices were astronomical instruments, and every pyramid was (in accordance with the mathematical learning and exigencies of those remote times) made to be a copy of the universe in miniature. When a pyramid was finished, a world in miniature was finished; and when the corner-stone, or pyramidal cap-stone, was placed at the summit of the monument, the priests sang appropriate hymns out of the Book of the Ritual, and the workmen and the people shouted together to celebrate the completion of their arduous task.

The Egyptian pyramids have their four fronts placed accurately in the directions of the four cardinal points of the compass, — east, west, north, and south: from which it would appear that their architects were acquainted with a correct method for drawing a meridian line. The accurate drawing of a meridian line is a matter of more difficulty than is generally supposed; and Tycho Brahe, the most able astronomer of the sixteenth century, committed an error of several minutes in tracing that of his famous observatory of Uranisburg.

## NOTE 64. — Page 84.

The Earth is changed by it like clay under a seal,  
And is made to stand forth in her apparel.

A reference to the bricks of which the temples and palaces of Babylon were built, and on which inscriptions and mottoes were impressed by the seals of the master-workmen.

Our author writes after the manner in which the old Cyclopean walls were built; for he piles one parallelism upon another, and the whole structure stands firm by its own weight, and without any need of cement. The forms of his poem are as rigid as those of a pyramid: but in some respects his style resembles that of the Babylonian architects; for he covers his materials all over with pictures and inscriptions.

The Book of Job is related to a school of art that scattered its works through the whole north of Africa and the whole south of Asia and Europe: it was written at a time when the polished marble that faced the pyramids was still extant. The wind (Hebrew, *ruach*) that sweeps upon us through this book is the same wind that sweeps between the monuments of Egypt and over the ruined stairways of the Tower of Babel.

## NOTE 65. — Page 87.

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?  
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

There is a play upon words here, and it would be difficult to render the passage into intelligible English: King James's version is therefore followed.

## NOTE 66. — Page 88.

The quiver rattleth against him,  
With the glittering spear and the shield.

Referring to the accoutrements of the rider. It would not be easy to induce a horse to run against the point of "a glittering spear." The troops are represented as assembling for combat, and "the horses scent the battle afar off." The trumpets are sounding, and the horsemen are forming line.

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## NOTE 67. — Page 89.

WILT THOU ANNUL MY RIGHT?

WILT THOU CONDEMN ME, THAT THY RECORD MAY SEEM PERFECT?

This is the key-note to the poem: it is, in fact, the substance of the poem. Job has said, —

Know that the Almighty hath violated *my right*  
In compassing me in this way with his net!

The right of the Creator in respect to the creature is essentially incapable of limitation. Against God, the creature has no right.

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## NOTE 68. — Page 90.

Behold, now, behemoth, which I made with thee!

KING JAMES'S VERSION, xl. 15.

The descriptions of the river-horse and crocodile, although exceedingly beautiful and forcible, are omitted; not because their genuineness is suspected, for they are in our author's best style, but because they are evidently no constituent part

of the particular poem of Job. They suspend and break the interest in a vital point; and it is supposed that the Hebrew editor admitted them into the text on account of their intrinsic merit, and to obviate the danger (to which all short and disconnected poems are liable) of their getting lost.

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NOTE 69. — Page 91.

Therefore I abhor what I have said,  
And I repent in dust and ashes.

No philosophical principles, no moral maxims, of any nature whatever, good or bad, are stated in the Book of Job as settled. The poet washes his hands of all responsibility for the result, and the reader is thrown on his own resources.

The words of the comforters are refuted before they open their mouths, because of the part they play in the drama. Job ends by retracting every thing he has said; and it will be observed, that, in reality, the Almighty says nothing. The speech of Jehovah is so filled with magnificence and sublimity, that there is no place left in it for philosophical statements or moral reflections. The illustrations ignore angels and men: no reference is made to philanthropists that devote themselves to the welfare of their race; no praise is awarded to martyrs that seal their faith with their blood; the constancy of the just man in adversity is not held up as an example. Why should such constancy have been so held up? The case of Job was too exactly in point! The illustrations direct the attention of Job to ravens, wild oxen, eagles, and other untamed inhabitants of the desert, with whom our hero felt in his heart that he had more kindred than he had with saints and martyrs! Job had laid himself right down on the hard pan of absolute Nature. There was no humbug about him; and, if we may believe the poem as it stands, the

Almighty liked him for it. He is reprov'd for questioning God's right, and for presuming to entertain an opinion on matters in which he was himself interested before he had acquainted himself with the facts in the case; but he is not reprov'd for his self-assertion, and the unbounded arrogance of his concluding speech is passed over without comment.

Does not every little bird sing God's glory? Does not every man, when he sings sincerely, like a bird, without putting any of his own self-sufficiency, conceit, or perverse wilfulness, into the song, sing also the glory of God? The author of the Book of Job had a right to sing as he did sing; but he dared not to put any of his private opinions into the mouth of the Almighty! The wonder is that he dared to make the Almighty speak at all as one of the acting personages of his drama.

No man that is maintaining a theory or a doctrine, or that stands on a platform, or that speaks for a party or faction, has a right to get up, and say, "Thus saith Jehovah!" for he says, not what Jehovah says, but what the theory or doctrine requires, or what has been previously agreed upon in caucus, synod, or secret conclave. To be justified in saying, "Thus saith the Lord!" a man must be first seized by the Spirit of the Almighty, and be pervaded and transfigured by that creative Breath which is manifested by spontaneous Nature when the finger of God is working in it. If the author of Job had said in his heart, "Go to, let us write a sublime poem!" he would have made a *fiasco*. His book was a natural creation: the same thing was working in the author while he was writing it that works in the trees when they clothe themselves with leaves. The poem of Job came into being just as a rose cleaves the soil, grows up, and attains to perfection; or rather as a rhinoceros or an alligator is born, grows up, and attains to the completeness belonging to its kind. Every one that is accustomed to write knows when he is

laboring to speak from himself, and in his own power and authority; and he knows also when he is speaking naturally, and by the same power working through him that works in the lily when it buds and blossoms. If the lily were conscious of the power working through it, its buds and blossoms would be products of Art: if an artist should work unconsciously, his work would be a product of Nature, and not a work of Art. The birds, at the approach of winter, go away thousands of miles; and again, at the approach of spring, they find their way back to their nests: they know beforehand when earthquakes and other convulsions of Nature are coming. This is because "God hath not meted out intelligence unto them;" for, if they should once think, the accuracy of their instinctive intuitions would be destroyed. When a foreteller of coming events speaks from second-sight and in prophetic trance, he sinks to the level of unintelligent creatures, and loses in human dignity all that he gains in accuracy of intuition.

Job sang like a bird; but he sang like a man also. He perfectly understood every word that he said. He worked with full consciousness, and with deliberate intention. His poem shows all the marks of consummate art.

What is art? Art is subjectively, as we have been trying to explain, the synthesis of spontaneity and reflection: without spontaneity, it is null, as art; without reflection, it is either mere nature, or it is prophetic fury. Art is, therefore, in its completeness, Nature transformed and transfigured by the nature of man; but the nature of man is also Nature! Objectively, in its working power, and in what the mystics would call "its signatures," ART IS THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE TO LIFE. No matter what the size or finish of a picture or poem may be, — some of the best pictures are mere sketches in charcoal, and some of the best poems are limited to a single line devoid of metre, — if LIFE pass, through the



picture or poem, from the artist to the beholder or reader, so that the beholder or reader **LIVES** more than he did before, then the work is a product of Art; if not, then not. A work of true art is known at the first sight, because the very aspect of it imparts **POWER**!

The poem of Job is a genuinely inspired *human* poem, but of a peculiar kind: it is one gigantic piece of irony. *If* Satan had dared to appear before the Creator of heaven and earth, and tell the Omniscient to his face that he differed from him in opinion on a question of fact; *if* the Omniscient had condescended to determine the question of fact by actual experiment; *if* a just man had been hounded and persecuted beyond all limits of possible endurance, — then it would, *perhaps*, have behooved the Most High to appear personally to justify his ways. But look at the force of these three *ifs*! The anthropomorphic idea of God that stands at the basis of the poem is absurd, and the poet clearly shows it to be absurd: the foundation therefore crumbles away, and the conclusion vanishes in smoke. "This is the stuff that dreams are made of!" Our poet wrote with full consciousness of his work, and also with full consciousness of the inspiration that was working in him and through him; and, because he wrote from a true artistic inspiration, his book has its own peculiar grace and flavor.

It appears at first sight that the author ought, in the conclusion, to have told us that Job's children were only supposed to have been killed; that there was an error in the matter; and that the young people were held as captives by the Chaldeans. Would it not have been better to restore to Job the very children he had lost? Would not Job have been better satisfied with the children of his youth than with *quasi* changelings? Who knows? Does not God take our children from us, and replace them, or not replace them, just as he sees fit? "Shall we deny God's right?"

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

## ART IS A TRANSMISSION FROM LIFE TO LIFE.

The harmony of reflection and spontaneity—that is, of human liberty and human necessity—is that form of *life* which is distinctively human. Every man's *life* is a reconciliation of liberty and necessity. Every act of *life* (human or other) is at once free and determined: if it were determined only, it would be a mechanical act; if it were altogether free, it could not be at all, since that which is undetermined is productive of nothing. The artist is not free in his spontaneity; for his inspiration is given him of grace, and will not answer to his beck and call: but he is free in the intentional use that he makes of his inspiration. A man's freedom does not inhere in his spontaneity, but is derived from his power of reflection. The dumb animals are full of spontaneity: but they are not free as man is free; therefore they are incapable of (human) merit and demerit, and are not morally (morality is human) responsible for their actions.

This theory of art is Hebrew. The New Testament gives an additional extension to it, and introduces it into the highest region of metaphysical theology. If the reader will take his Concordance, and look up the passages in which the words *life*, *liveth*, *living*, occur, he will be convinced that we have not overstated the facts. The following passages are submitted as examples:—

“This is the record, that God hath given us eternal *life*, and this *life* is [in its element of objective determination] in his Son. He that hath the Son hath *life*, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not *life* [that is, hath not that *life* which is in the Son]. . . . As the *living* Father hath sent me, and I *live by* the Father, so he that eateth me [assimilateth me], even he shall *live by* me. . . . As the Father hath *life in himself*, so hath he given to the Son to have *life in himself*. . . .

Coming to the Lord as unto a *living* stone, ye also, as *living* stones, are built up into a spiritual house. . . . Because I *live*, ye shall *live* also: at that day, ye shall know that *I am in my Father, and you in me, and in I you*. . . . Ye are *dead*, and your *lives* are hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our *life*, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. . . . I am the *resurrection* and the *life*: he that believeth in me, though he were *dead*, yet shall he *live*; and he that *liveth* and believeth in me *shall never die*."

A true Christian is therefore an artist of a transcendent order; for the life mentioned in these texts — which can be obtained by no process other than that of being *born again* — is as superior to the natural human life as is the natural human life to the natural life of horses or dogs, and stands to natural human life in the relation that the life of horses or dogs stands to that of oysters, or in the relation that the life of oysters stands to that of onions, or that of onions to that of clods and stones.

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NOTE 70. — Page 91.

Ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job.

It is supposed that the prose parts of the Book of Job are the commencement and conclusion of an old Shemitic parable, written for the purpose of explaining and confirming orthodox Shemitic views. It is supposed, also, that our author wrote his poem to show that the parable proved nothing, since the exact contrary of every thing it pretended to prove may be stated with greater plausibility, and on the same basis of hypothetical facts. In the times of the author, his poem needed no prose introduction and conclusion; for the popular story was in every person's mouth, and his poem was interpreted, as all poems are interpreted, in the light of

existing literature. When, however, the collection of the Jewish Scriptures was made up, it was found that the poem, without an introduction and a conclusion, would be to a great extent unintelligible, since it was not written to stand as a separate and abstract thing, but in contrast to something already existing, and as a single statement in a long controversy that had occupied many generations. The Jewish compiler therefore, with great judgment, took the beginning and ending of the old Book of Job, and added them to our author's poem as an introduction and a conclusion.

According to this theory (which is probably the true one), the author of the old prose book of Job and the Jewish compiler (and not our poet) are responsible for the words, "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath." It is not conceivable that our author, with his high sense of the divine Majesty, should have dared to give to his sentiments any sanction greater than that derived from their own intrinsic weight. Our author went just as far as it was possible for a man to go, and there *stopped!*

The Book of Job appears to have been written before the religion of Israel had received the definitive form under which we know it. It appears, also, that a large and influential party among the Hebrews coincided with Job in sentiment. On what other ground can we account for the admission of the book among the canonical books of the Old Testament? On what other supposition can we account for the preservation of the Book of Ecclesiastes, several of the Psalms, and the burning sarcasm of the Book of Jonah? It is probably to the ancient Hebrew "opposition" that we owe, also, the Book of Proverbs and the Song of Solomon.

The best critics appear to be, nevertheless, of the opinion, that there is nothing antique and primitive in the language of our author. The Hebrew text is clear, compact, and classical, but contains forms of expression which indicate (so

Gesenius tells us) a comparatively recent date for the composition of the book.

In King James's version, there is a steady flow of solemnity, occasioned in part by the evenness of the rendering, but mainly attributable to the antiquated form of the dialect employed. In King James's time, the language of the English Bible was the language of common life; and it is probable that we see beauties in the English Bible that were not discerned in it by King James and his subjects. The Hebrew poem of Job was like new wine: King James's version of it is like wine that has lost many of its original qualities, but has obtained in compensation an unexpected flavor through the effect of age.

The Hebrew poem is supposed to be full of quick turns, sparkles of wit, and allusions to prominent men, traditional habits, and political incidents, all of which were appreciated at the time the poem was written, but are lost to us. It is of course impossible to render the author's puns in an English version; and it will be noticed that a flagrant pun occurs right in the middle of the speech of the Almighty! When we read a page of Dante, we meet with continual obstacles, arising from allusions to men and circumstances of Dante's time, and find ourselves obliged to have recourse to the notes for explanations. Night has so far settled upon the poetry of Dante, that it is only by steady effort that we are enabled to see through the darkness that envelops it. We ought therefore to remember, when we read the poem of Job, that the author wrote for men who lived more than twenty-four hundred years ago.

The names and history of the prominent men who are alluded to in the Book of Job are forgotten, and many of the allusions have for that reason become devoid of meaning. The science of Job was the science of Babylon and Egypt; in almost every respect different from, and in some respects oppo-

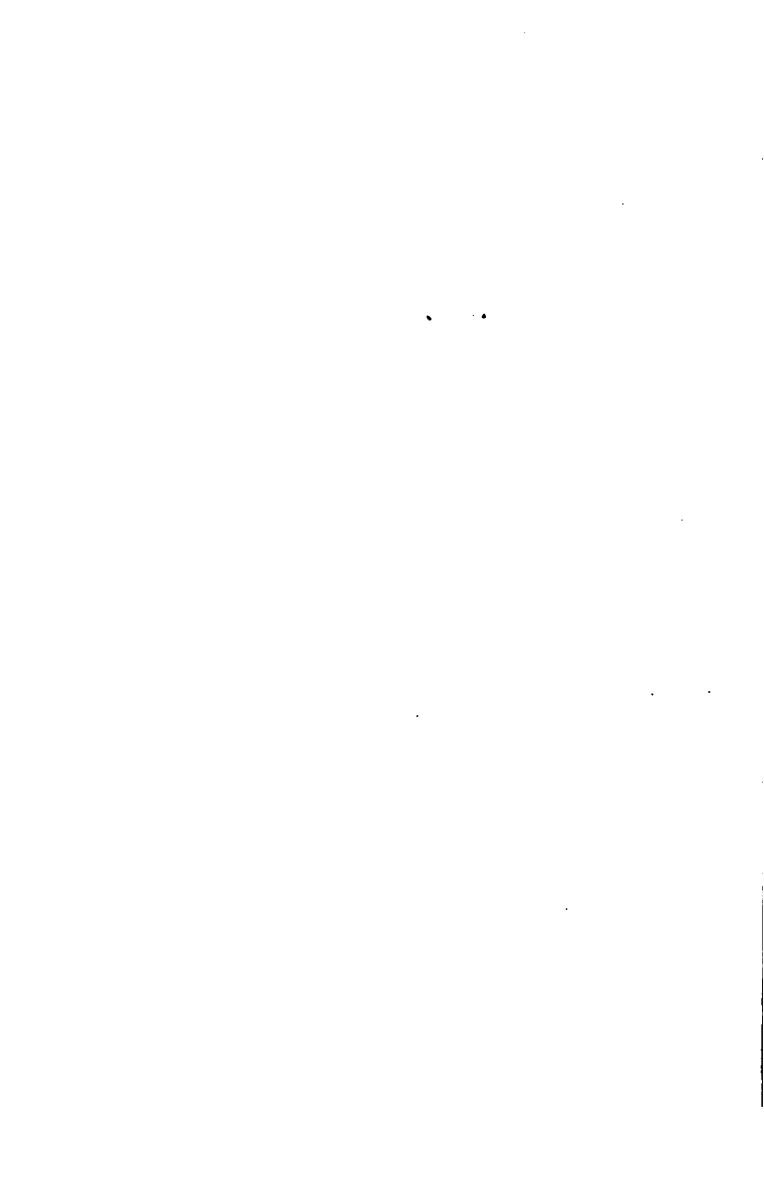
site to, the science of the present day. His philosophy appears to have been similar to that of which some vague indications remain in the uncertain traditions of the school of Pythagoras. The social customs of his first readers were, in part, like those depicted on the monuments of Egypt, in part like those depicted on the monuments of Nineveh, and in part like the never-dying customs of the priestly Arabs. Every local relation of the book is foreign to the associations of modern readers; and consequently every thing has dropped out of the book except precisely so much as is universal, because pertaining to the nature of man as man.

In this astonishing production, a very strong note is struck in the first line; and the author never falters, or lowers his tone, or gets tired of his subject and plan, until he has finished uttering the last word of his poem. Nowhere in a poem of such length are the rules of unity so respected. The author has no woman's eye for attitudes and side-effects; and, throughout the whole work, the attention of the reader is never for a single moment directed away from the matter in hand. The poem is as a whole, and in all of its parts, exclusively masculine. If any feminine element had been introduced into it; if Job's wife and daughters had been any thing other than mere insignificant accessories, — the unity of the work would have been destroyed, the execution of it would have become lost in multiplicity and detail, and the whole of it would probably have been swallowed up in that original Night from which it emanated.

It is not the purpose of the editor to say any thing in derogation of the feminine element of human existence. Somebody must look after side-effects, which are the most important part of actual human life. In many of the most magnificent fragments of Hebrew literature, the feminine element is in preponderance: nowhere in antiquity were women so honored as they were among the Hebrews. The editor is

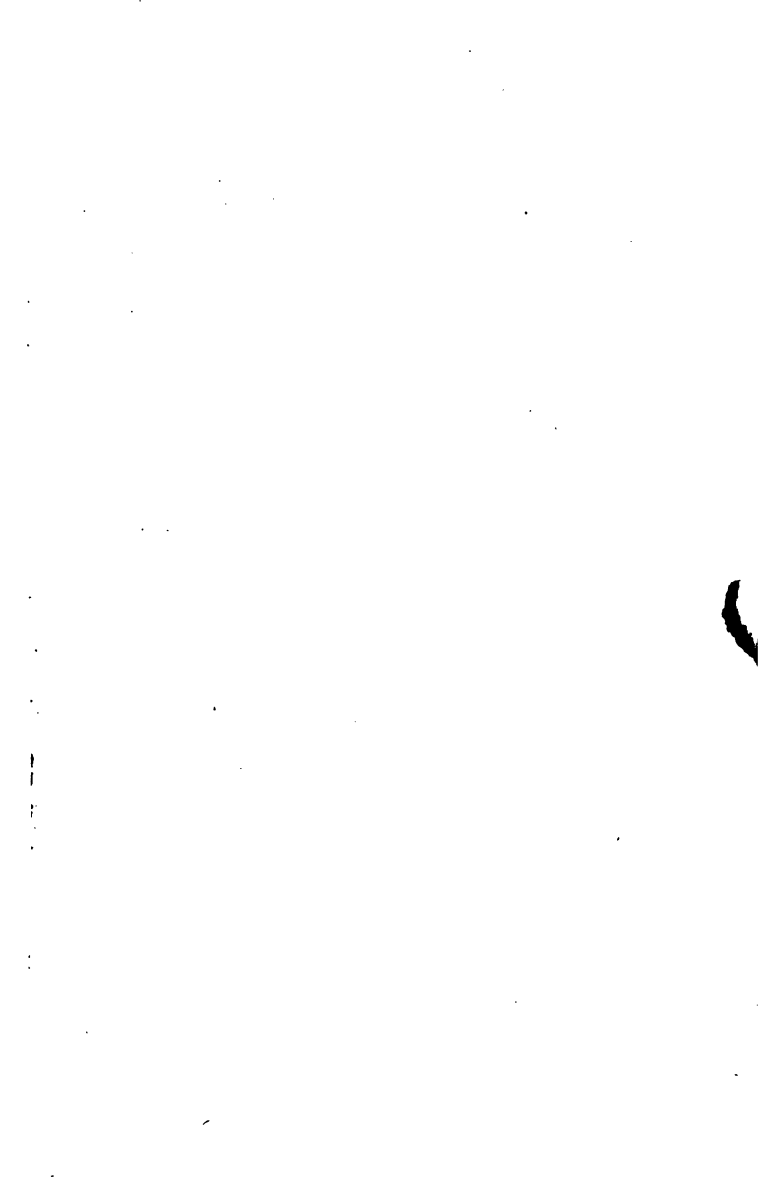
simply endeavoring to remark in this place, that the particular poem of Job is exclusively masculine ; and that Job and his comforters debate in the desert, where the necessities, exigencies, and proprieties of conventional society, moral or other, are buried in the sand.

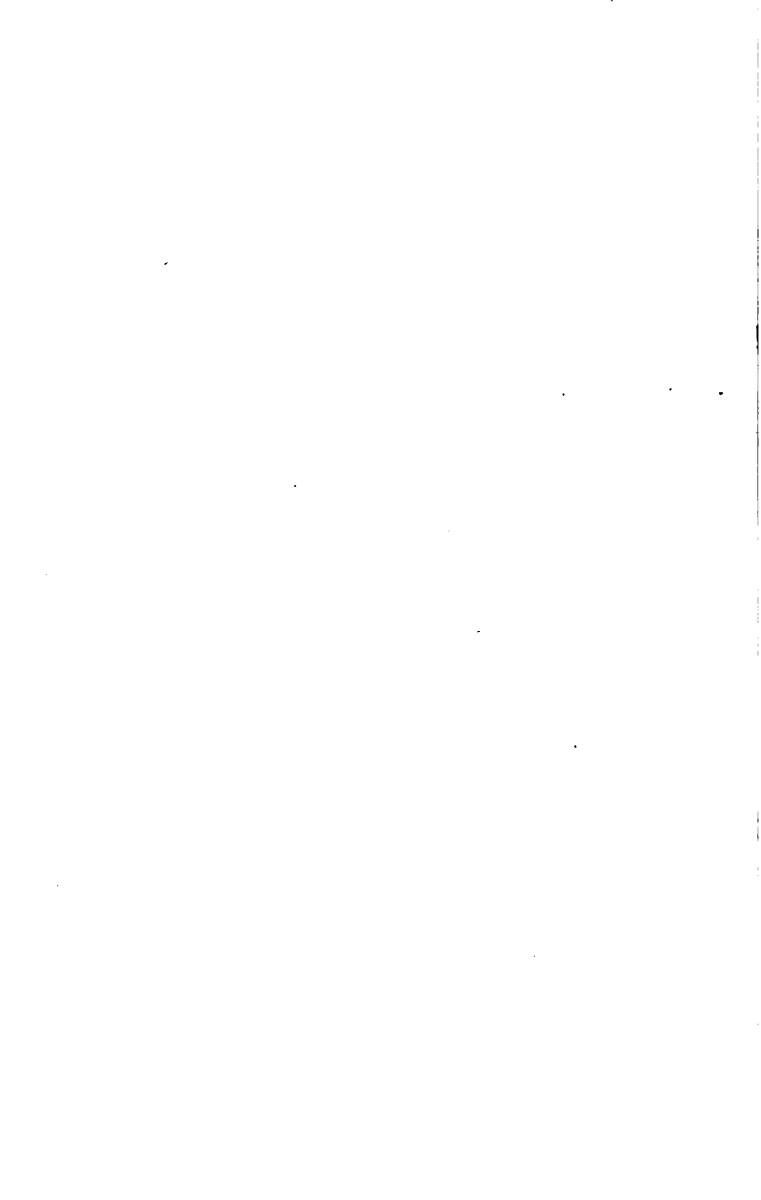
It is perhaps surprising that neither Job nor his comforters should have alluded to the theory of a future life as a solution of the questions before them, especially as the doctrine of immortality constituted one of the main bases of the religion of Egypt, and was well known to all four of the debaters. It is obvious, however, that, if this doctrine had once been admitted as an element of the discussion, the poem would from that moment have proceeded to a conclusion altogether different from the one we have in the text ; different from it, but not necessarily inconsistent with it. It will be observed that Job's steady and persistent denial of the Atlantean theory of *natural* immortality does by no means involve a denial of the Shemitic theory of a *superinduced* immortality, as taught in the New Testament. The apostle Paul says, "That I may know Christ, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death ; *if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.* Not as though I had already attained," &c. To the Egyptians, the future life was something inevitable, not something *to be attained*.













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